THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

In a country village, very far away from the metropolis. No long rows of hot brick and stone walls; no blistering pavements; but fields, green or brown or yellow with the new harvest; "rich groves of lofty stature," and hills—

> "Nor have these eyes by greener hills
> Been soothed in all my wanderings."

Closely-shaven lawns, with beds of brilliant-hued flowers or foliage plants of exquisite loveliness. The birds, abundant and musical as they used to be in our childhood, before (as now in the vicinity of the metropolis) there was a proportion of two hunters to one bird; the dwelling-houses—no, we do not regret the modern innovations. We venerate the old structures that remain from the days of our boyhood. We love to look upon their old-fashioned roofs, their small window-panes and low ceilings; but the picturesque style of modern times, with its many labor-saving conveniences, we like; and standing side by side with some dwelling with which we were familiar in youth, we are reminded of some stately, short-waisted, and frill-capped dame of olden times, standing by a blooming granddaughter arrayed in modern fashion.

Like every small town whose age numbers threescore and ten, and whose population about twice as many families, there are several places of worship, as indicated by the variously-fashioned square, round, pointed, and nondescript towers and steeples that lift themselves above the level of the surrounding structures. The first thought that strikes us is one that it would seem ought to occur to every Christian. Economy is a prominent part of an American's education, and notwithstanding instances of most lavish extravagance, yet in matters of public interest, in the country at least, economy is the law. The candidate for town office can almost be sure of his election if he can persuade the population that under the administration of the present incumbent funds are wasted, and that by change of officers there will be a reduction of taxes. It is difficult to carry out schemes for local improvement, even if it be the introduction of that which would be a saving in the end, for men dread taxation.

But how is it in religious matters? Why, when it comes to pew-rent, or subscription, or contribution for some benevolent cause, then again economy, yes, even parsimony, is the rule. But here in a lovely village of about seven hundred inhabitants, we count five houses of worship, representing as many different denominations. What are we to think of our Yankee economy now? Here are five different buildings erected, the salaries of five different ministers to be paid, the current expenses—taxes, insurance, repairs, fuel, etc.—to be provided for, for a place of about seven hundred inhabitants! What are we to think of the financial wisdom of these Americans, in whose ancestral blood are to be traced Yankee shrewdness, Scotch parsimony, Dutch conservatism, and Anglo-Saxon demand for the right

and the reasonable? The cost of those five buildings (the half of whose sittings are unoccupied), and the expense of maintaining them and the services in them, would erect, adorn, equip one handsome and commodious structure, support a clergyman with one or two assistants, defray all current expenses, and leave a handsome surplus for school, mission, hospital or other charitable work. Surely our shrewd Americans are wiser as children of the world than as children of the light.

But all this will be set down as mere "Midsummer musing." There is nothing practical suggested. True; but here is a folly and a wrong. Let us expose it as such. Let us bring men to see it, and God in His own way, and in His own good time, will, in answer to prayer, heal our divisions.

Something like the following is apparent hereabouts. The Methodists are in the ascendant. We remember when it was far otherwise. We look around to ascertain the reason. We need not trace the successive pages of their history to find it. What is passing in the present explains all. The minister is unquestionably a devout, earnest, discreet, self-sacrificing man, an indefatigable worker, and, they say, an excellent preacher. This would go a great way in accounting for the present ascendancy of the Methodists in the village. But then, in about two years the merciless itinerant system will remove the faithful pastor. Should he be followed by one of less merit, no discretion, and repulsive ways, a good work would be marred. But while the perfect success of any system will depend upon the manner in which it is worked, yet on the other hand a system may have in it elements calculated to reach a good degree of success even when not guided by competent hands.

An example will illustrate our meaning. Here is a young man who, whatever his early influences may have been, has been led astray. His companions are low, and he has been the victim of drink, gambling, and other vices. He leads a fast, low life, with other fast and low companions of this and surrounding villages. Good society ostracises him. But in a season of religious interest the zealous Methodists overlook nobody. Fallen wretchedness as well as respectable indifference is searched for, labored with, and drawn in. "They will not hold out," says prudent conservatism. Perhaps not. But when from twenty to fifty of all sorts and conditions, some from the very lowest, are thus grasped, it is hardly to be supposed that all, or even the larger portion, will fall away. Besides, it is to be borne in mind that revivals are not what they once were—scenes wherein the chief machinery was descriptions of a material hell of fire and brimstone, the imagery of whose torture was borrowed from Dante or from the heathen poets, and where terror was the great motive power. It was to be expected that a large percentage of converts made by such machinery would fall away. But now the preaching is just as earnest, and far more judicious and Scriptural. But what strikes us as a peculiar feature, is that converts thus brought in are not, like cattle of Western herdsmen, marked and suffered to run at large. They are brought in, and the whole membership take them by the hand—the hand of fellowship—stand by them, encourage them, form a cordon between them and their old associations, make respectable those who were not respectable before, meet with them for prayer and the study of the Scriptures, and thus by influences, social and religious, strengthen and encour-

age the feeble and doubting. Such a system faithfully worked under the leadership of an able and energetic pastor, accounts for the success of Methodism in a country town.

Without here arguing the case, we simply assert our conviction that whatever advantages such a system may possess, it would not answer for general adoption. There are minds, constitutional temperaments, and dispositions for whom it is not suited. They could not be Christians under the Methodist system. Again, there is nothing excellent in that system which could not, without modification in any essential feature, be used by our own Church. The good that Methodism is doing is not to be gainsaid. Its adaptation to the culture and condition of certain classes cannot be questioned. But any Church can adopt new machinery, and no denomination holds any peculiar system by patent right. Our Church is, we are thankful to say, opening her eyes to this, and in the guilds and brotherhoods and their appliances adopted in many of our parishes, we make the effort to bring into use methods and machinery which have proved effective elsewhere, and which, by modification, may be adapted to our system.

But this leads to another thought. Guilds and brotherhoods, which are becoming frequent among us, are not separate denominations or sects. They are societies working in and under the control of Church authority. They are purveyors to theChurch. They exist not for themselves, but for the Church. And this was the thought in the mind of the great founder of Methodism. He saw the Church grown grand and stately, but in its grandeur and stateliness neglecting to care for the poorer and humbler portion of Christ's children. It needed an arm to reach them, and Methodism was designed to supply the want. The Methodist societies were but as guilds and brotherhoods to do for the Church a work which had been neglected. Had the Church of that day, instead of discouraging, aided Wesley, the country would have been filled with such societies; the thousands upon thousands who swell the ranks of Methodism would still be hale and hearty Christians, but members of the Church to which Wesley belonged, and blessing his memory for arousing his Church to a sense of her duty, and showing her how to do it. Yes, and even in that small town of which we have been speaking, whatever might be the fate of the other societies, there might have been two names—Protestant Episcopal and Methodist—but there would have been but one organization. There would have been a Church and a society working within, for and under the direction of the Church. John Wesley's ideal would have been realized.

"Of all sad words, by tongue or pen," etc.

A young man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and become a good, steady citizen, is deluded. He thinks that people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repent, everybody will forget that he was a dissipated fellow. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break off in middle life bad habits that have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habits of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough till the wheels get into a deep hole, and then he stops and holds back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough till they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit.

SCHISM REBUKED.

There has been for eight years published in this city a paper called the *Church Union*. Its object, briefly stated, is to awaken Christians to a sense of the evil of their many divisions, and to set forth reasons for endeavoring to bring about an "actual and visible oneness." The object, every Churchman will grant, is surely a most desirable one, and the cause is worthy of the prayers and efforts of all good Christian people. The contributing editors are prominent clergymen of the various denominations. The paper might, we think, with more concentrated effort, and with the exclusion of certain topics, better promote the object it has in view. Its contributors are of all sorts. Sometimes they do not agree, and sometimes, we think, they discuss topics which were better left alone. Still the purpose of the paper is noble, and it contains some excellent reading.

Among the contributing editors is the Rev. Thomas J. Mellish of Milford, Ohio. It appears that an article of his had called forth some strictures from our quondam friend and brother, the Rev. Mason Gallagher. Mr. Mellish in his reply plants himself on the principles upon which the *Church Union* is avowedly conducted, and thus most forcibly rebukes the latest and most needless schism that ever intruded itself upon Christendom:

The Rev. Mr. Gallagher stated that he was one of the earliest friends, and indeed, if I remember, one of the originators of the *Church Union*, in which relation I have been well acquainted with his name, though I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. He had been for many years an Episcopal minister, belonging to the extremest Low Church wing of the Church, and finally he became convinced that the evils in his Church were so great that he could not tolerate them, and so joined with Bishop Cummins and others in forming the Reformed Episcopal Church. He thought it strange that I, for thirty years a Baptist, should unite with the Church against which he had protested.

Well, perhaps I (though I give all credit to the conscientious feeling and determination of Mr. Gallagher) have equal cause of surprise at the course he adopted. As one of the originators and early friends of the *Church Union*, he had originated and endorsed the platform of the paper, which says: "Whatever occasion may have existed in times past for the divisions of the Church into separate denominations, we hold that the efforts of Christians should henceforth be positive and continuous toward an actual and visible oneness."

Mr. Gallagher may neither have written this, or was consulted in drawing it up, but at all events it clearly and strongly set forth the aim of the paper, and was endorsed by him as correct. Is it not, then, astonishing that in a year or two afterward he should be found engaged with others in the formation of a new sect? This seems to me like surprising inconsistency, in which of course I do not question his honesty, but only his wisdom. There stood the Methodist Church, a nominally episcopal body, quite as much so as the new denomination which Mr. Gallagher and his friends made; it was all equipped, and remarkably successfully in its career; but it would not suit, and so, forsooth, our advocate of organic Christian unity, who had started the *Church Union* to show that whatever necessity there had been heretofore for sects, there was none now, and they were essentially wrong in principle—must organize *a new sect*, and thus add to the confusions of Christendom.

Of course I cannot admit for a moment that there was any necessity for the new body. There had been no legislation in the Church to occasion it; the Prayer Book was precisely what it had been since the Reformation in all its Offices; these unwise brethren were voluntary schismatics; no one wanted them to go; they were on a perfect equality with all the rest if they had remained.

I believe that in the whole history of the Church there never had been a more inexcusable schism, and so I am

not surprised at its failure. It has fallen on the public very dead indeed, and is fast going to pieces. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, who left St. John's church of Cincinnati, and joined the new movement, has put an advertisement in the Detroit papers that he has opened a doctor's office, and solicits patients. From Canada and from England come accounts of intestine commotions and schisms, racking the infant body of the new Church, and altogether it is finding that its secession is a pitiful failure.

During the brief life of the new body it has manufactured a preposterous number of bishops, and altogether it has seemed that the motive of this schism in many minds was that in a new sect they might be elected bishops, when they had no hope to be elected in the old Church.

This, I judge, is sufficient on this head. If Mr. Gallagher had any occasion for surprise that I should as a man, sincerely believing that all Christians should be organically united in one body, and that sects are sinful, have united with the reformed and venerable Church out of which all these modern sects have sprung, I seem to have a hundred times more reason to be astonished that Mr. Gallagher—after protesting, too, against sects—should form a new one.

THOMAS J. MELISH.

Milford, Ohio, July 28, 1880.

ALTITUDE OF CHURCH TOWERS.—The *Cologne Gazette* states that the towers of Cologne Cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being five feet higher than the tower of St. Nicholas church, in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be fifty-one feet ten inches higher. The following are given as the heights of the chief lofty buildings in the world: Towers of Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches, from the pavement to the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the floor of the church; Tower of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; Pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; Cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; Cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathhaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; and the towers of Notre Dame at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

A RAILWAY VISION.

We travellers by the railway trains
That daily to the city pass,
Catch glimpses of a vision fair
Enshrined amid the way-side grass.

It gladdens us to catch that glimpse
As we pursue our rapid way,
And grasp the comfort it conveys
To carry with us through the day.

'Tis where the train goes thund'ring by
The peaceful precincts of Wood Lawn,
Where rest so many of those friends
Of whom we only speak as "gone."

Beyond us from the wooded crest
Rise mighty shafts of granite grim,
While marble tombs in snowy ranks
Line all the hill-side green and trim.

And nearer, on the swelling slope,
Seen daily by a thousand eyes,
An anchor, wrought in leaves and flowers—
A living—growing anchor lies.

Its brilliant colors startle us,
Seen through the fountain's shifting spray,
And gleaming from surrounding green,
Illume a moment of our way

With flashing bronze and scarlet lights
That seem to mock the morning sun,
And shed a radiance of their own
At evening when the day is done:

Fit emblem for that quiet spot,
Where all our loved ones waiting lie—
For without Hope how could we live,
And without Hope how dare we die?

C. P. V. W.

August, 1880.

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.—*Charles Dickens.*

AERIAL EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

In the September number of *Appleton's Journal* is an article with the above heading, which was contributed by W. Mattieu Williams to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is too long for our columns, but it brings out so many facts with regard to the region lying immediately around the North Pole, contradicting the general impression in so many particulars, that we are sure our readers will be highly interested in the perusal of a portion.

The writer maintains that the difficulty experienced in reaching the North Pole is *not its latitude*, in support of which he brings out some facts contrary to the common opinion. But first he describes what he considers the *real* obstacle :

Reference to a map of the circumpolar regions, or better, to a globe, will show that the continents of Europe, Asia, and America surround the Pole and hang, as it were, downward or southward from a latitude of 70° and upward. There is but one wide outlet for the accumulations of polar ice, and that is between Norway and Greenland, with Iceland standing nearly midway. Davis's and Behring's Straits are the other openings ; the first may be only a fjord, rather than an outlet. The ice-block, or crowding together and heaping up of the glacier-fragments and bay ice, is thus explained.

Attempts of two kinds have been made to scale this icy barrier. Ships have sailed northward, threading a dangerous course between the floating icebergs in the Summer, and becoming fast bound in Winter, when the narrow spaces of brackish water lying between these masses of land-ice become frozen, and the "ice-foot" clinging to the shore stretches out seaward to meet that on the opposite side of the fjord or channel. The second method, usually adopted as supplementary to the first, is that of dragging sledges over these glacial accumulations. The pitiful rate of progress thus attainable is shown by the record of the last attempt, when Commander Markham achieved about one mile per day, and the labor of doing this was nearly fatal to his men. Any tourist who has crossed or ascended an Alpine glacier with only a knapsack to carry, can understand the difficulty of dragging a cart-load of provisions, etc., over such accumulations of iceberg fragments and of sea-ice squeezed and crumpled up between them. It is evident that we must either find a natural breach in this Arctic barrier or devise some other means of scaling it.

Should the traveller be able to go beyond this barrier, our author thinks that there would be found an open Polar Sea, with a climate much warmer than any Arctic explorers have as yet experienced in those regions. He says :

This popular delusion, which pictures the Arctic regions as the abode of perpetual freezing, is so prevalent and general that some explanation is demanded.

The special characteristic of Arctic climate is a cold and long Winter and a short and *hot Summer*. The Winter is intensely cold simply because the sun never shines, and the Summer is very hot because the sun is always above the horizon, and unless hidden by clouds or mist, is continually shining. The Summer heat of Siberia is intense, and the vegetation proportionately luxuriant. I have walked over a few thousand miles in the sunny South, but never was more oppressed with the heat than in walking up the Tromsdal to visit an encampment of Laplanders, in the Summer of 1856.

On the 17th of July I noted the temperature on board the steam-packet, when we were about three degrees north of the Arctic Circle. It stood at 77°, well shaded in the saloon under a deck ; it was 92° in the rök lugar, a little smoking-saloon built on deck ; and 108° in the sun on deck. This was out at sea, where the heat was less oppressive than on shore. The Summers of Arctic Norway are very variable on account of the occasional prevalence of misty weather. The

balloon would be above much of the mist, and would probably enjoy a more equable temperature during the twenty-four hours than in any part of the world where the sun sets at night.

I am aware that the above is not in accordance with the experience of the Arctic explorers who have summered in such places as Smith's Sound. I am now about to perpetrate something like a heresy by maintaining that the Summer climate there experienced by these explorers is quite exceptional, is not due to the latitude, but to causes that have hitherto escaped the notice of the explorers themselves, and of physical geographers generally. The following explanation will probably render my view of this subject intelligible:

"As already stated, the barrier fringe that has stopped the progress of Arctic explorers is a broken, mountainous shore, down which is pouring a multitude of glaciers into the sea. The ice of these glaciers is, of course, fresh-water ice. Now, we know that when ice is mixed with salt water we obtain what is called 'a freezing mixture'—a reduction of temperature far below the freezing-point, due to the absorption of heat by the liquefaction of the ice. Thus the heat of the continuously shining Summer sun is *at this particular part of the Arctic region* continuously absorbed by this powerful action, and a severity that is quite exceptional is thereby produced. Every observant tourist who has crossed an Alpine glacier on any Summer day, has felt the sudden change of climate that he encounters on stepping from *terra firma* on to the ice, and in which he remains immersed as long as he is on the glacier. How much greater must be this depression of temperature where the glacier-ice is broken up and is floating in sea-water, to produce a vast area of freezing mixture which would speedily bring the hottest blasts from the Sahara down to many degrees below the freezing-point! A similar cause retards the *beginning* of Summer in Arctic Norway and in Finland and Siberia. So long as the Winter snow remains unmelted, i. e., till about the middle or end of June, the air is kept cold, all the solar heat being expended in the work of thawing. This work finished, then the warming-power of a non-setting sun becomes evident, and the continuously accumulating heat of his rays displays its remarkable effect on vegetable life, and everything capable of being warmed. These peculiarities of Arctic climate must become exaggerated as the Pole is approached, the Winter cold still more intense, and the accumulation of Summer heat still greater. In the neighborhood of the North Cape, where these contrasts astonish English visitors, where inland Summer travelling becomes intolerable on account of the clouds of mosquitoes, the continuous sunshine only lasts from May 11th to August 1st. At the North Pole the sun would visibly remain above the horizon during about seven months—from the first week in March to the first week in October (this includes the effect of refraction and the prolonged Summer of the northern hemisphere, due to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit).

"This continuance of sunshine, in spite of the moderate altitude of the solar orb, may produce a very genial Summer climate at the Pole. I say 'may,' because mere latitude is only one of the elements of climate, especially in high latitudes. Very much depends upon surface configuration and the distribution of land and water. The region in which our Arctic expedition-ships have been ice-bound combines all the most unfavorable conditions of Arctic Summer climate. It is extremely improbable that those conditions are maintained all the way to the Pole. We know the configuration of Arctic Europe and Arctic Asia, that they are masses of land spreading out northward round the Arctic Circle and narrowing southward to angular terminations. The southward configuration and northward outspreading of North America are the same, but we cannot follow the northern portion to its boundary, as we may that of Europe and Asia, both of which terminate in an Arctic ocean. Greenland is remarkably like Scandinavia; Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound corresponding with the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia. The deep fjords of Greenland, like those of Scandinavia, are on its western side, and the present condition of Greenland corresponds to that of Norway during the milder period of the last glacial epoch. If the analogy

is maintained a little farther north than our explorers have yet reached, we must come upon a polar sea, just as we come upon the White Sea and the open Arctic Ocean, if we simply travel between four hundred and five hundred miles due north from the head of the frozen Gulf of Bothnia.

"Such a sea, if unencumbered with land-ice, will supply the most favorable conditions for a genial Arctic Summer, especially if it be dotted with islands of moderate elevation, which the analogies of the known surroundings render so very probable. Such islands may be inhabited by people who cannot reach us on account of the barrier-wall that has hitherto prevented us from discovering them. Some have even supposed that a Norwegian colony is there imprisoned. Certainly the early colonists of Greenland have disappeared, and their disappearance remains unexplained. They may have wandered northward, mingled with the Esquimaux, and have left descendants in this unknown world. If any of Franklin's crew crawled far enough, they may still be with them, unable to return.

"In reference to these possibilities it should be noted that a barrier-fringe of mountainous land like that of Greenland and Arctic America would act as a condensing ground upon the warm air flowing from the south, and would there accumulate the heavy snows and consequent glaciers, just as our Western hills take so much of the rain from the vapor-laden winds of the Atlantic. The snowfall immediately around the Pole would thus be moderated, and the Summer begin so much earlier."

The problem then is how to pass this barrier which separates the habitable regions south from the supposed habitable regions in the extreme north. That barrier cannot be pierced. It must therefore be scaled by balloon. A project of this kind has been started by Commander Cheyne. Arrangements have progressed so far as to fix next May as the time for starting. But this cannot be determined upon until the completion of some experiments now in progress, and the securing of sufficient funds.

Mr. Williams examines the objections which have been raised to the balloon project. As to the variability of the wind, he says this is not to be judged of by the winds in our latitude, to the south of which are the invariable trade winds. And so in the Arctic regions:

The atmospheric movements in the Arctic regions appear to be remarkably regular and gentle during the Summer and Winter months, and irregular and boisterous in Spring and Autumn. A warm upper current flows from the Tropics toward the Pole, and a cold lower one from the Arctic Circle toward the Equator. Commander Cheyne, who has practical experience of these Arctic expeditions, and has kept an elaborate log of the wind, etc., which he has shown me, believes that, by the aid of pilot-balloons to indicate the currents at various heights, and by availing himself of these currents, he may reach the Pole and return to his ship, or so near as to be able to reach it by travelling over the ice in light sledges that will be carried for the purpose. In making any estimate of the risk of Arctic aërostation, we must banish from our minds the preconceptions induced by our British experience of the uncertainties of the wind, and only consider the atmospheric actualities of the polar regions, so far as we know them.

Nor does he think there is much danger of being drifted out to sea:

Commander Cheyne believes in the possibility of returning to the ship, and bases his belief on the experiments he made from Winter quarters in Northumberland Sound, where he inflated four balloons, attached to them proportionally different weights, and sent them up simultaneously. They were borne by diverse currents of air in *four different directions, according to the different altitudes*, viz: northwest, northeast, southeast, and southwest, thus proving that in this case balloons could be sent in any required direction by ascending to the requisite altitude. The war-balloon experiments at Woolwich afford a practical confirmation of this important feature in aërostation."

A further difficulty has been sug-

gested in the utter darkness of upper strata in the polar regions. To this objection Mr. Williams replies :

The seriousness of this may be inferred from the following description of the journey of the Nassau balloon, published at the time : " It seemed to the aëronauts as if they were cleaving their way through an interminable mass of black marble, in which they were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before them, seemed to soften as they approached, in order to admit them still farther within its cold and dusky enclosure. In this way they proceeded blindly, as it may well be called, until about 3:30 A. M., when in the midst of the impenetrable darkness and profound stillness an unusual explosion issued from the machine above, followed by a violent rustling of the silk, and all the signs which might be supposed to accompany the bursting of the balloon. The car was violently shaken ; a second and a third explosion followed in quick succession ; the danger seemed immediate, when suddenly the balloon recovered her usual form and stillness. These alarming symptoms seemed to have been produced by collapsing of the balloon under the diminished temperature of the upper regions after sunset, and the silk forming into folds under the netting. Now, when the guide-rope informed the voyagers that the balloon was too near the earth, ballast was thrown out, and the balloon, rising rapidly into a thinner air, experienced a diminution of pressure and consequent expansion of the gas.

" The cold during the night ranged from a few degrees below to the freezing-point. As morning advanced, the rushing of waters was heard, and so little were the aëronauts aware of the course which they had been pursuing during the night, that they supposed themselves to have been thrown back upon the shores of the German Ocean, or about to enter the Baltic, whereas they were actually over the Rhine, not far from Coblentz."

All this blind drifting for hours, during which the balloon may be carried out to sea, and opportunities of safe descent may be lost, is averted in an Arctic balloon voyage, which would be made in the Summer, when the sun never sets. There need be no break in the survey of the ground passed over, no difficulty in pricking upon a chart the course taken and the present position at any moment.

In concluding, Mr. Williams says :

Why not apply balloons to African exploration or the crossing of Australia ? The only reply to this is that we know too little of the practical possibilities of such a method of travelling when thus applied. Hitherto the balloon has only been a sensational toy. We know well enough that it cannot be steered in a predetermined *line*, i. e., from one *point* to another given *point*, but this is quite a different problem from sailing over a given *surface of considerable area*. This can be done to a considerable extent, but we want to know definitely to what extent, and what are the limits of reliability and safety. With this knowledge and its application by the brave and skilful men who are so eager to start, the solution of the polar mystery assumes a new and far more hopeful phase than it has ever before presented.

There is no courage but in innocence,
No constancy but in an honest cause.
—*Southern.*

" Young man, I say unto thee, arise." The Lord of life and death speaks with command. No finite power could have said so without presumption, or with success. That is the voice which shall one day call up our vanished bodies from the elements into which they are resolved, and raise them out of their dust. Neither sea, nor death, nor hell can offer to detain their dead, when He charges them to be delivered. Why should we incredulously shrink at the possibility of a resurrection, when the God of nature undertakes it ? It is no more hard for that almighty Word, which gave being unto all things, to say, Let them be repaired, than, Let them be made. Our Saviour doth not here stretch Himself upon the dead corpse, as Elijah and Elisha upon the sons of the Shunamite and Sareptan ; nor kneel down and pray by the bier, as Peter did to Dorcas ; but He so speaks to the dead as if he were alive ; and so speaks, that by the Word He makes him alive, " Young man, I say unto thee, arise."—*Bishop Hall.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

CHAPTER VIII.—BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

When on any subject a prejudice exists, until it is removed it seems next to impossible to obtain a fair hearing. Some shallow argument or some half presentation of the truth, has led people to an erroneous conclusion. They have made up their minds; they know all about it—so they think; and it is simply a waste of time to hold any further conversation upon the subject.

Such persons cannot be approached by direct argument. I have sometimes amused myself, and I believe accomplished some good, with those who deny the doctrine of the three Orders in the Ministry, and scout the very idea of an Apostolic Succession, by leading them along on some other topic in an argument which embodies the principles and the premises on which we support both those verities. Take a sensible Presbyterian, and he braces himself up as if ready to receive an assault when you begin an argument on the subject of Episcopacy. But get him to defend Infant Baptism, or the observance of the Lord's Day, or even the integrity of the canon of Scripture, and the arguments he uses are the very ones on which we rely to establish the claims of a three-fold ministry, or a succession in the ministerial office.

I had found in the course of my experience that there were few subjects to which people listened more impatiently than the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Its opponents had so greatly misrepresented it, and its advocates in defending it had so often used terms without explaining them, and expressions which conveyed to the hearers a meaning totally different from that in the mind of the speaker, that it has sometimes seemed to me as though many of our congregations were composed of people half of whom did not believe the doctrine, and the other half, while claiming to believe it, hardly had an intelligent idea upon the subject.

Anxious that this doctrine should have a dispassionate hearing, I resolved to bring it before the minds of my auditors over a road which did not lie across any of their prejudices. To do this, it would be necessary for me to go into a consideration of the subject of man's condition by nature and under the system of Divine grace. In the course of a conversation on one of our evenings, the subject of total depravity had been mentioned. I went over the various theories which had been entertained upon the subject, pointing out particularly the "diabolism," if I may so style it, of that which held that man was not merely "very far gone from original righteousness," but a very born devil, having by nature the spirit and malignity of a fiend. The point I endeavored to prove was that man was made good, but having fallen, we inherit a fallen nature, and the object of the system of Divine grace was to restore us to what the race once was—and hence man, with all his noble aspirations, with all his natural approval of the right and condemnation of the wrong, was utterly unable of himself to walk in holiness before God. To do this, he *must* have the help of the Holy Spirit.

This was dwelt upon at some length, and with no little variety of illustration, until I was satisfied that the minds of all present were quite clear upon the subject. At length I said:

'But how are we to reconcile with our theory this fact—God does re-

quire, under penalty of eternal banishment from Him, a life devoted to His service? Here is something which every man must do, and yet here is what no man has the ability to do.'

Of course there was no difficulty in answering that question. It was self-evident that man must receive help from above. But the further question, How are we sure that man will receive that help, and in particular, how may any individual be assured that the necessary grace is or will be given him? required some further consideration. From illustration and texts we drew this conclusion, as a principle to be laid down as the rule in all the Divine dealings with man: 'Whatever God requires man to do, that He gives him the grace and strength to do. So that if any one fails of salvation at the last, it must be not on account of want of strength, but because he refuses to avail himself of the Divine strength which God bestows.

'Whatever, then,' I said, 'God requires any person to do, that He gives him grace to do. Now let us take the case of a person turned from the world to seek the path of life. This implies certain duties. When the first converts to Christianity were made, they were at once instructed in their religious duties. And to-day the Church has in its Baptismal Service certain vows and promises of renouncing the world, belief in the Articles of the Christian faith, and of holiness of life. These solemn vows the candidate takes upon himself. These vows he has by nature no power to keep. And yet if he does not keep them he forfeits God's favor here, and eternal life hereafter. The conclusion, then, is that every person baptized has the Divine grace given him to enable him to fulfil the vows of his Baptism.'

I paused a moment to give opportunity for objection, if there were any to be offered. But as there was a silence which gives consent, I added carelessly, 'And yet it seems strange that, in the face of this almost self-evident proposition, there should be those who so bitterly oppose the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.'

My friends were awake now, and I saw some exchanging significant looks; and one asked me if he was to understand me as meaning that what I had just explained was what was known as Baptismal Regeneration. Another asked if regeneration was not the same as conversion, or change of heart.

I replied that thus far I had purposely avoided the use of terms, because the dispute upon this doctrine was mainly a question of words. 'The real point of the case is here: Christ established a Church, and ordained Baptism as the gate of admission to it. This implies—in those who have reached years of responsibility—repentance on their part, and pardon on God's part. When, then, the Baptism is a real transaction, the requirements on both sides fulfilled, the covenant stands, and there is pardon for the past. There can certainly be no dispute on this point, can there? Now we come to the next point, the candidate vowing and promising (the adult in person, and the infant by his sureties) holiness of life. Supposing that this condition be fulfilled in sincerity, can there be any question that God gives the grace, the aid of the Holy Spirit, necessary to the fulfilment of the vow?'

There being no reply, I proceeded: 'This, then, is the substance of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Whatever terms may be used, however the subject may be mystified in the minds of many, the substance of

the matter is here—pardon for the past, and grace for the future.'

'But how about conversion? How about change of heart?' asked one.

'You must always,' I replied, 'concede to theologians the possession of common-sense. By change of heart is meant change of will and affections. Now do you suppose that any theologian, of whatever name, ever held and taught that an unconscious infant, on being baptized, experienced a change of will and affections? The thing is simply preposterous. The child is incapable of such a change. And in the adult such a change takes place without reference to the moment of Baptism. I never yet met—notwithstanding the strong, and I think extravagant, language sometimes used—any writer who held the view which is popularly imputed to those who hold the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The change is a spiritual one, hence it is called spiritual regeneration. It implies, in fulfilment of a Divine covenant, the gift of the Holy Spirit to the baptized to *enable* (not compel) him to lead a holy life—which we have seen cannot be done without such gift.'

'But,' asked one, 'is not the term regeneration unfortunate, in view of the fact that quite another meaning is assigned to it by Christians generally?'

'It is enough,' I replied, 'that it is Scriptural and primitive. "The washing of regeneration," "born of water and the Spirit," refer to Baptism. The word even dates back before the Christian dispensation. The Jews used to baptize proselytes, both individuals and households. These were then said to be "born again," being "born" into the Jewish Church. So our Lord, in His conversation with Nicodemus, reminds him that even he, Jewish rabbi as he was, if he would enter into the Kingdom of God, or Church of the Messiah, must be "born again" (which regeneration means); and expressing His surprise that a master in Israel should not understand these things, explains, saying "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." If Nicodemus did not understand that "earthly" thing of the old dispensation, how could he understand the "heavenly" things of the new?'

Before the meeting closed, I promised to devote an evening to the consideration of some other misunderstood terms and phrases.

Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as if thou wert to die to-day.
—*Tuscan Proverb.*

The Collect for the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity directs us to pray that God would keep His Church with His perpetual mercy; and because our own great frailty daily exposes us to many dangers, we beseech Him to keep us from all things hurtful, and to lead us to all things profitable to our salvation. Now the keeping of the Church, here prayed for, is chiefly to keep it in the true faith; and because there are many things that are apt to corrupt it, and to make men fall away from the purity of it, as prosperity and persecution, we are here taught to pray to be preserved from all things that may prejudice, and to be led to all things that may promote, our salvation. Accordingly the Epistle for this day acquaints us with St. Paul's great care to preserve the Galatians in purity of the Christian faith, against the attempts of false teachers, who sought to bring them back to the antiquated rites and ceremonies of the Jewish worship. The design of the Gospel is to take off men's hearts from an inordinate love and pursuit of the perishable things of this world, and to place them upon a more lasting and substantial treasure in heaven.—*Dr. Hole.*

If you have in your own cause grown gray with unbleached honor, bless God and die.—*Henzelmann.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

FOUR ELEMENTS OF THE CHURCH'S LITURGICAL STRENGTH.

No design is more fully carried out in the practical workings of the Church than the attempt to render her worship an intelligent worship. Everything in her service proceeds upon a basis of knowledge—every declaration of faith, every anthem of praise, every offering of prayer. In her whole equipment, we perceive her admirable combination of instruction and worship. There is in her worship a due subordination of the emotional without a too frigid formality; clearness and simplicity of language without ignoring the use of ornament; an adequate expression of truth without tediousness of detail. The principle of intelligent worship which we everywhere discern in her liturgy, stamps her fidelity to her departing, yet ever present, Lord's command: "Go make disciples of all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The Church is either a teaching agency, or she is not the one founded by Christ himself. Her teaching character is declared in those words of Divine commission we have mentioned, sounding clear and distinct through all the ages —a commission which causes all the links in the golden chain of her Apostolic ministry to glow with a holier lustre, in reflection from Christ the Fountain of light and grace. She must erase this principle from her charter before she can depreciate or ignore this work committed to her hands. In proportion as she keeps close to the terms of her Divine commission in this as in all other things, will be her success in the evangelization of the world.

There are various ways in which the Church appears to us as a teacher. Her compact yet flexible organization, admirable for defence, yet equally adapted to aggressive movement, is an element of instruction both to those trained within her ranks and those who from without "look upon the city of our solemnities." But it is eminently in her liturgical worship that the element of instruction appears. Here in those choicest treasures of devotion, culled from the Church's text-book, the Word of God, she provides that her saints shall worship "in spirit and in truth." In her appointed lessons of Holy Scripture, read without note or comment, her service is fragrant with devout knowledge and faith, as throughout the Church year she leads her worshippers up and down the garden of God's blessed Word. Every portion of her service in fact, every holy office, is a branch, a twig, or a leaf from this "tree of life for the healing of the nations" — for the comfort and strength of the faithful no less than the healing of the heart of unbelief.

The roots of her whole liturgic system are imbedded in the Word of God. It blossoms in her prayers and praises. Its fruits are to be sought in the holy lives of her worshipping saints. It is not our purpose to enter into a review of the fact how largely the principle of instruction is inwoven into the Church's worship—her Scripture lessons, her offices, her prayers and her praises. Her offices also as well as her liturgy sparkle with Scriptural truth and instruction, revealing the Divine authority of the act which is the central figure. The facts, however, which we design to specially keep before us at present are the position and use of those four elements which give compactness and strength to her liturgic system—the Ecclesiastical Year, the Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer.

The Church's ecclesiastical year is an especial means of instruction. Here she does indeed appear as a teaching Church in her collective capacity. In this she stands out openly and visibly before the world—a city set on a hill which cannot be hid. In this annual review of the great fundamental truths of Christianity, following her Master from the manger to the cross, from the rent sepulchre of her risen Lord to His resumption of His throne and sceptre at the right hand of the Father, she places before us her library of holy truth. In bringing vividly before us both the acts and the actor in her review of Christ's redemptive work, she opens her richest stores of Scriptural knowledge, offering her treasures like the Magi of old—the gold of homage, the frankincense of worship, and the myrrh of suffering.

In her Eucharistic Scriptures, she exhibits in her teaching capacity the love, the power, and the wisdom of God. In her Saints' days, she also designs that we shall not lose the instruction of the example and labors, yea, even the temporary failures of those who stood nearest to their Lord, as each year in succession she brings us to look upon their portraits in the gallery of the Gospel. The Church has most assuredly not forfeited her claims to her Divine origin and the terms of her Divine commission as a teaching Church, in her liturgical observances of the ecclesiastical year. They are her great annual, ever-recurring commentaries upon Christ and His redemptive work, read by her worshipping millions through the ages. The other three elements—the Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer—are equally instructive in their position and use.

These four elements of which we have spoken, like the four mystical streams of Eden, unite to form the Church's grand river of instruction, which must flow on down through the ages for the refreshing of souls. Here are the great truths of salvation, culled from the inspired volume, and arranged in wonderful harmony and order. Here is the gathering up of its scattered jewels, the focalizing of its rays of faith, prayer, and duty. In the one she causes her worshipping disciples to annually review the lessons of redemption and eternal life. In the Creed, the believer's faith is daily riveted to the Cross. In the Lord's Prayer, we see the ever-burning lamp of devotion, from which every other petition is lighted. In the Commandments, the unrepealed statutes of duty, branching Godward and manward. These are implements which, placed in the hands of her divinely-appointed workmen, she never allows to rust.

In the frequency of their use she appears as if doubly anxious to vindicate her claim as a teaching Church. The Creed and Lord's Prayer especially are the vital organs which maintain her daily liturgic life. At every service of Morning and Evening Prayer, we discern the heart-throbs and breath of this vitality, as she requires an expression of faith in the truths of the one, and a devout outbreathing of prayer in the other. The statutes of her immortal law she requires to be rehearsed upon every Lord's day, or whenever at any other time she spreads her sacred feast. The Eucharistic Scriptures of the ecclesiastical year, and those of her holy days and seasons, are also brought before us with the same faithfulness.

These are the four currents of her life-blood. Abolish any one from her liturgic system, and we sever a main artery of the Church's life. Recognizing this fact, she has placed them in

the most guarded positions to preserve their vitality, and secure constant exercise of their vitalizing function. The position of each of these four elements in her service is full of meaning, as we study the geography of her liturgy. Her Eucharistic Scriptures are the inland fields of her Ante-Communion service, rich in the harvests of truth and fruits of eternal life. The Commandments she appropriately stations near the beginning of her Eucharistic service, standing at the gate like bristling sentinels, challenging the heart and conscience of the worshipper as he passes into this more sacred enclosure.

The position of the Creed in the services is especially appropriate. "Faith," says one of the Fathers, "is the fountain of prayer." How fitting, then, that we should give expression to this grand formula of truth, just before the oblation of prayer; just before our prayers ascend to God the Father through the Son and by the Holy Spirit, that we should burnish anew these triple links of faith in the ever-blessed Trinity, of which the Creed is an expansion. Its use is appropriate in whatever manner it may be employed, whether in accordance with its original intention as a majestic hymn of faith, or as a solemn declaration of the same without the enrichment of music. In the former, the united voices of her congregations taking up the strain, it rises as the culmination of praise at the close of her anthem-service of song. In the other, with the hum of voices like the murmur of the sea, as it rolls its waves of faith upward to the throne.

She places it, we say, at the close of her highest service of song, and just before her worshipping assembly kneels in prayer. Before this devout act of homage she would fortify their souls anew with truth, in this her highest formula of teaching. She would have them pray in faith. She would inspire within them that feeling of calm serenity which ensues from the soul having cast afresh its anchor of immortal hope. In her worship of prayer she would not have a blind worship, not a hurried searching of mind and arranging of objects of faith, so that we may approach the mercy-seat in the spirit of truth as well as the spirit of prayer. How jealously she guards against its omission in her temple-worship, causing it to be imbedded in the very heart of her service for Morning and Evening Prayer. Her voice of warning is also heard in a rubric of the Communion Office, directing that it then be said, if not before, thus specially providing that all who come to this holy festival shall "draw near with faith."

In her other holy offices, as Baptism and Confirmation, it is not forgotten, as shown by the solemn assent to its truths then required. In the chamber of affliction, when the Church comes to the bedside with her office of warning, comfort, or preparation for death, the occasion is too solemn to permit of any doubt as to her course of duty, and she directs her ministering servant to use this formula of examination to find whether the sufferer's faith is truly built upon the rock. When bolts and bars interpose between the wretched violator of law and his liberty, then "when in prison she would come unto him" with appointed Office of Visitation; after her solemn exhortation, in which she seeks to arouse the slumbering conscience and the blunted moral perceptions to a just view of the guilt of sin and his crimes before the law, and sets forth the only ground of the sinner's hope, she rehearses the Creed to see if the prisoner does indeed "steadfastly believe" all these elements of Divine truth.

Again, in that most solemn and awful duty which can ever devolve upon a minister of Christ—a preparation of the condemned for execution, when called literally to stand between the living and the dead—the Church in her office then holds up this tablet of faith before his despairing soul, bidding him that if he repent and "steadfastly believe" in this groundwork of salvation, to "despair not of God's mercy though trouble is on every side."

In these two last offices the Church not only fulfils those duties which her Lord has placed so high in the calendar of Christian virtues—in which the afflicted can say "I was sick and ye visited me (the languishing prisoner); I was in prison and ye came unto me"—but she comes "girt with truth," to impart and practically enforce those elements of saving knowledge which strengthen the soul, brighten the chamber of affliction, and make the prisoner truly a prisoner of hope.

In her offices for both entrance upon the Christian life and departure out of this world, she holds up the Creed, that in the one case they may live, and in the other die, "in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope." In the use of her other great element of intelligent devotion—her Lord's perfect formula of prayer—we find its light burning steadily in the service of her sanctuary. She has, by a rubrical statute, enacted that whenever in Divine service it shall be used, whether in daily prayer or appointed office, it shall be with the united voice of all her worshippers. Whenever she kindles anew her fervor by contact with its vestal flame, she would have the same glow diffused in the hearts of all her praying saints. She has preserved with a loyal literalness her Lord's command, "After this manner pray ye," causing it to be imbedded in Daily Morning and Evening Prayer. After the ministering shepherd of the flock of Christ has in the General Confession led the souls of the congregation through the valley of penitence and humiliation, confessing with united voice before God the Father, that they have erred and strayed like lost sheep, closing with the cry for mercy and restoration of the penitent, "according to His promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord," then, clothed with that authority from the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls, he leads them up to higher, purer slopes of comfort and joy in declaring forgiveness of sins from God the Father "unto all who with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him." After this gracious declaration, in what more expressive words than their Redeemer's prayer could the unimprisoned souls of the worshippers waft their petitions upward to the throne?

In the Litany, that petition which covers every human want, every spiritual need, every despairing cry of the soul here, when its scroll is all unrolled, the Lord's Prayer is engraven upon its heart. Not only in the Church's great cathedral of worship, but in nearly every side chapel of her holy offices, burns this vestal lamp. When the Communion service is used alone, it is first swung like a glowing censer before the altar. After the "fair linen cloth" has again overspread the festal fragments, it is again uplifted, as an incense-offering, fragrant with "the prayers of all saints."

In holy Baptism of infant or those of riper years, after she has imprinted the cross-mark of Jesus upon the consecrated brow, and proclaimed his enlistment into the army of Emmanuel—after she has announced his admission into the brotherhood of Christ's mystical body, and the words are

spoken which proclaim that the little one is cradled in its home, or that a wandering exile has been called back to His Father's house—as the Father then clasps them to His bosom, saying no less to His faithful, abiding children than to the newly-robed prodigal soul, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."—Then as the Church calls upon her congregation, standing in attitude of welcome, to kneel and "give thanks unto Almighty God, and with one accord make our prayers unto Him," that her newly-enlisted ones may be faithful unto death, she uses no human formula of devotion, but one in which her saints can ascend in spirit, even as its Author, "to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

When in Confirmation, the hand of Christ's chief minister is laid in Apostolic grace and benediction upon the head of the kneeling ones now drawing closer to the Cross—after the one brief versicle and response, in this solemn hour when the soul celebrates its feast of dedication, she finds her Master's own words of prayer the most fitting which can fall upon their ears in the freshness of their renewed consecration.

In holy Matrimony, when the ring, symbol of that union indissoluble except by Divine decree, has been placed in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity, just before the Church's proclamation that the two lives have been blended into one, the first moments of life's newly-wedded joy and hope are hallowed with heaven's choicest bridal gift in her perfect formula of prayer.

When to the Church as to her Lord are brought the tidings "He whom thou lovest is sick," she goes forth with her office of grace, comfort, and warning, pausing for a moment upon the threshold with her salutation of peace, she then, as a tender and faithful physician, enters the sick-chamber with the soft footfalls of her brief prayer for mercy. But the pause is sudden in her versicles, and as if fearing to proceed further with any human treatment, she reaches for that soul-reviving remedy prepared by Divine skill, and labelled with the Master's own hand.

When the dust of mortality, as a germ of immortal hope, is planted beneath the turf in "God's Acre," to await the Resurrection bloom—when the voice from heaven has consecrated the narrow house by proclaiming the rest of the blessed dead—words of faith and comfort, designed to still nature's heart-sobs into a hush for the coming prayer, from earth—above the restful sleeper's head are heard the responsive words "Our Father who art in heaven."

When the Church's complete service of thanksgiving for "the joyful mother of children" is used, just after the psalm of praise is offered up to Him whose power and mercy has borne her safe through maternity's pain and peril—the new-found joy of those inner chambers of the soul which the key of maternal anguish has unlocked finds no other petition can then suffice, feeling, as she does, how fully its every word and sentence is the mother's prayer.

If we embark with the Church's office upon the sea, and subsequently "no small tempest" lies upon the vessel; when with confession of sin and cries of distress the voice is uplifted to God "to rebuke the raging winds and the roaring sea"; when, whatever the words, the spirit of the cry is "Save, Lord, or we perish"; when the short, individual outcries for mercy are heard from the mariners; when in our extremity it appears as though all must be engulphed, then sudden-

ly, in the midst of our wild commotion, we turn to find "Our Father" at the helm.

In the prisoner's cell, in the very midst of the first few passionate cries for mercy with which her office opens, its calm, solemn tones are heard, as if to preserve her heart from breaking under a sense of human guilt and wretchedness. When the bands of pastoral affection are drawn closer between minister and people in the office of Institution, after the keys of the house of God have been given into the hand of the chosen custodian, "as pledges of his institution," and with solemn invocation of the ever-blessed Trinity, he promises to be a faithful shepherd unto his people, just before he passes within the altar-rails to receive those standards which are to be "the rule of his conduct" as a dispenser of doctrine, discipline, and worship, the petition for direction in all our doings with God's most gracious favor, fades away into the prayer of Him who hath taught us to pray "in His prevailing name and words," Our Father who art in heaven. In the devotions of the family, when the father, as a patriarch and priest of God in his own house, offers up the morning and evening sacrifice, its fire is kindled from the same vestal flame.

The more thoroughly we review the respective positions in her services of those elements of which we have spoken, we may well inquire, What more effectual method, as a teaching Church, could she have chosen to impart the knowledge of a pure, Scriptural faith and worship? The more we study their sacred topography, the more may we be convinced that she has placed those elements of strength in her temple service in the positions which they occupy, with a wisdom which appears little short of inspiration. — W. F. Dickinson, M.D.

DRESS AND PRAYER.

'You have a fine-looking congregation,' remarked a visiting clergyman to a city rector. 'How many intelligent and well-dressed people there are among them! Indeed, I don't know when I have seen a more impressive gathering in church.'

How would Mrs. Grundy's heart have swelled if she could have heard that.

'Yes,' said the rector with something of a sigh, 'yes, there is a good deal of taste and dress in the flock.'

'But how is it about your offerings? Do you find that your people are forward in Church work, and liberal in giving? are your collections large and satisfactory?'

'Well—no—I can't say that they are.' He was silent a moment, and then resumed: 'In fact, my dear brother, this is just what troubles me sorely. The truth is that my parish does not do its duty; a great deal of money is spent in keeping up style, maintaining a social state, in rich furniture, purple, fine linen, and sumptuous fare; indeed there seems to be no lack of means for such purposes; but the Church is regarded as a beggar, and like all beggars, her altars must be content with the small coin and the crumbs.'

'I am not surprised at this,' said the visitor. 'I have never known it to fail, in all my observation, that dressy congregations are small givers, and that the more fashionable and extravagant they are in their personal outlay, the less beneficent and liberal they are in proportion to their ostensible wealth.'

What a glorious revolution will that be in the march of God's army, when this personal extravagance shall become repugnant to all Christians, and be driven out of the house of God, and prayerful and loving hearts shall be extravagant only in the abundance of their offerings for Christ's kingdom and Christ's poor!—*Monthly Chronicle.*

All who joy would win,
Must share it—happiness was born a twin.
—*Byron.*

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—*Lavater.*

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

Chapter IX.—Conclusion.

Four days more, and Rob's vacation must end. Then our gayeties and festivities (if our happy home enjoyments could be called such) must close. Rob must return to his college, and the affairs of our household settle down to their quiet routine for the rest of the year. We were all in the best of spirits, and determined to have a reunion of family friends. Uncle and Aunt Harmon and Cousin Charley were to be with us, and take Josie with them on their return. Happy, sprightly, charming Josie! She of the gentle heart and inflexible principle; she, candor itself, and yet of winning ways. Father used to say there was the making of a noble woman. We all loved her. But to be more particular, there were unmistakable evidences that she stood in no one's esteem more highly than in that of brother George. There was no disguising the fact. We all saw it. Rob used to have a tenderness that way, but Rob was as yet but a boy, while George was a man, and Josie was of marriageable age. Rob saw the situation, and accepted it with good grace, contenting himself with occasionally glancing over his shoulder with a shrug and a smile and a sigh when he saw the two pleasantly chatting together by themselves. We were urgently desirous of having the Doctor with us, and it was partly promised that if possible that should be. Of the true state of Mrs. Mangam's affairs, and the efforts the Doctor was at this time making to unravel them, of course we were at that time ignorant.

That lady of course we knew could not be persuaded to join us in a holiday dinner; for although she had borne her burden so long that her shoulders had become accustomed to it, and she always endeavored to conduct herself with such cheerfulness as not to cast a shadow over the enjoyment of others, still a dinner party would not be congenial. However, mother was extremely anxious to bring Mrs. Harmon and Mrs. Mangam together, and accordingly arranged to have the latter spend the evening with us on the day before the dinner.

That occasion being a mere family dinner, at which two or three at most were to be invited, it was no interference in mother's systematic and well regulated household to have Mrs. Mangam with us on the day preceding. As we knew it would be, Mrs. Harmon and Mrs. Mangam found congenial society in each other, and the quiet afternoon passed so delightfully to them both that by tea-time one would have supposed that they had been bosom friends for years.

I shall never forget that evening. We were all in the parlor. Father and Mr. Harmon were having some conversation by themselves, but occasionally joining in with the others. Rob and Cousin Charley were in the back parlor, absorbed in a game of chess. Brother George had been excusing himself, saying that he must go out to meet a friend. Still he did not go. Sister Sarah, the mischief, was on various frivolous pretexts detaining him, enjoying herself immensely as she noticed how willing he appeared to be detained. Josie, pretending not to be interested in these proceedings, was standing at the centre-table beside Aunt Mary, with a hand upon her shoulder. Mrs. Mangam at that moment looking up at Josie, said with scarcely perceptible emotion,

'She is about the age my own Josie would have been had she lived.'

'I had another Josie, also,' replied my aunt, 'who, had she lived, would have been almost a twin to this in age and appearance.'

'But mine was taken from me,' replied Mrs. Mangam, 'until the sea shall give up its dead.'

'And this one was given me to take the place of my own,' said aunt, drawing the girl more closely to her. 'Why father,' she added, turning to Mr. Harmon, 'we ought not to forget that this is the very night when Josie was given to us—the 28th of December, the Holy Innocents' day.'

'It was in this month, too,' replied Mrs. Mangam, 'that my own was lost, but of course I do not know the day.'

Mr. Harmon and father now drew near, while Mrs. Mangam gave an account of her own loss, and heard in return of the terrific railroad accident which brought Josie to her present home.

'The coincidences are singular,' said my uncle; 'but there is one fatal dissimilarity. Your child perished at sea, while this one was saved from the wreck of a railroad train. So, my good woman, we can't surrender to you our Josie.'

'No,' said Mrs. Mangam with a melancholy smile, 'that is not to be. But,' said she, starting, and with some animation, 'how do I know that she perished at sea? They left me, and the vessel which they were to have taken foundered, and all on board perished. There could be no possible doubt of that. But it is curious that within a very short time it has been discovered that the name of my brother who accompanied the child was not on the passenger list.'

The conversation had now become slightly exciting, and my aunt and uncle were visibly agitated.

Mrs. Mangam seemed for a moment lost in thought, and then, as if speaking to herself, said: 'So strange that they should have given her the same name, Josie. But of course that was the name of their own child.'

'That was not the reason,' said aunt, speaking promptly. 'That was the child's own name when she came to us.'

'My dear,' said my uncle, 'this is interesting, but it is becoming unnecessarily painful. There are some curious coincidences indeed, but if for an instant there has been the thought that—' Here he faltered. He then whispered to aunt, who immediately left the room. He resumed: 'If there should be any question that—' here again he hesitated, but added with a forced smile—'that question can be settled forever, yes forever.' He emphasized as he repeated the last word.

There was silence during my aunt's momentary absence. Mrs. Mangam sat with bowed head, full of memories of the past. Josie was by her with one hand in that of her adopted father, and the other placed fondly upon his shoulder. Father and mother were at the opposite end of the centre-table. Sarah had stopped her teasing, and now stood with George, leaning forward, interested in the scene, while Rob and Cousin Charley, who from the further end of the room had caught a few words of the conversation, joined the group. Not a person in the room for a moment supposed that there was likely to be any solving of the mystery that hung over Josie. Still, come up in whatever shape it would, it was always a theme of interest to all, and mingled emotions of doubt, hope, and fear were concentrated in that word 'possible.' My aunt now entered, and passed a small parcel to her husband.

'This,' said Mr. Harmon, 'we sel-

dom speak of now. At home we keep it in the most secure place we have, but always carry it with us whenever we leave, so that in case of any question ever arising with regard to the parentage of the child, this will settle it effectually. There, Mrs. Mangam,' said he, as he drew a locket from its case, 'is what was found upon the child's neck.'

One glance, and the woman eagerly clutched it. It dropped from her hand in an instant, and a shriek rang through the house as she fairly fell upon Josie, screaming 'My child! my child! my long lost child!'

'Can it be possible?' was the simultaneous exclamation of the company as the woman moaned and sobbed aloud.

'Possible? possible?' she cried, holding the bewildered girl at arm's length. 'Possible? to be sure it is. There is her father's noble forehead and his eyes. I marked them the first day I saw her, but then I did not for a moment think it could be. Open the locket! Here, behind the hair, in an inner case, you will find her name, the date of her birth, and the date of her baptism. It is her grandfather's hair.'

As deftly as her violently agitated hands would permit, the locket was opened, and there was the inscription as the now unquestioned mother had described.

Again the half-distracted woman covered Josie with her embraces, now holding her from her, and now looking her full in the face with inexpressible fondness, exclaiming at intervals 'My child! my child! God has heard me. No; I doubted Him, but He loved me, and He would not leave me childless; and now I hold in my arms my long—long-lost, my own loved child. Look at me, dear one; look at me as you used to do when you put your tiny hand upon my cheek and called me mother. O this joy will kill me! My God! let me die, for I have seen my child. Let me die in her arms.'

To say there was not a dry eye, would fail to convey even a faint conception of the scene. There was on all sides a wringing of hands and audible sobs. My aunt at last yielded, and cried 'God be praised, my child, that you have found your own mother—and such a mother! How can I be too thankful, and yet how can I give you up? And yet I must. You have been to me all that my own Josie could have been. You have taken her place in my heart. How can I give you up? O I am wicked! I am selfish! But no, you shall love us both.'

Poor Josie was agitated with conflicting emotions. All her life through she had known her own sad story, and how much she owed to her adopted parents; and not only in her maiden hours of sentiment had she woven for herself many a romance, in which the characters were parents made happy over the recovery of their child, the scene saddened by the parting from those who had been, if possible, more than parents to her; but the little prayer she lisped when she first entered Mr. Harmon's house, had never once been dropped from her daily devotions. She longed and prayed that she might find her parents again. But now that the hour had actually come, she found it like rending her heart asunder to think of giving up Mrs. Harmon as mother, and taking another to fill that place.

'My own, own mother,' said she, fondly embracing Mrs. Mangam. 'But be sure,' said she, as she folded her arms about Mr. and Mrs. Harmon together, '*you* can never be to me other than what you have always been—father and mother. Why here!' she

added, smiling, and almost laughing, through her tears, 'see how much better off I am than any of you. I have two mothers!'

It was the very word and in the very tone that was needed at that moment. It was time that tears should be turned into smiles; and now followed from all sides hearty congratulations, and the whole house was astir with the news. The back door opened cautiously, and there were seen the white eyes and grinning teeth of black Bess, who, aroused by the commotion, could not restrain her curiosity, but peeped in through the scarcely opened door. Rob saw her, and before she had time to close it, bounded forward, and dashing it open, seized the old negress by the arm.

'Come, Bess!' said he, as he almost dragged her by main force, 'you shall come and shake hands with Josie, who has found her mother.'

'Sh-sh!' said Bess, 'you naughty boy. What's all dis fuss about? You don't say you goin' to hab a weddin' right on de spot, and neba hab no weddin' cake! Don't, Massa Rob, don't make such a fool o' yourself.'

'No, no,' said Rob, laughing; 'Mrs. Mangam is Josie's mother. Come and shake hands with both.'

And saying this, he pulled the sable Ethiopian to where Josie stood. All smiling with her glistening ivories, Bess made an old-fashioned courtesy, and said 'Most obsequious mam!' and retired, muttering as she went out of the door 'Oh I knowed all dat afore. I wasn't brought up in Gobernor Johnson's kitchen for noffin.'

In the midst of the hilarity—for such it had come to be now—the door-bell rang violently, and soon the maid returned with the announcement that Dr. Jamieson had arrived.

'Just in time!' shouted Rob, who was now in high glee. 'No one whom we would be more delighted to see.'

Father went into the hall to escort him without ceremony into the room. But it was soon whispered about that he had brought a gentleman, a stranger, with him. At this brother George followed father into the hall, to render what assistance he could. We heard him exclaim 'Why, here is my Ceylon friend, Mr. Arthur! How do you do? You are welcome. Come in. This is no time for ceremony; we can excuse all. Come in as you are.' He threw open the hall-door, and without waiting for him to enter, we rushed to the Doctor, dragging him in. It was rudeness to the stranger, but we could not help it. I went to him—the Doctor in his surprise appearing to have forgotten him; perhaps looking upon the whole of us as a set of lunatics—and scarcely waiting for the hurried introduction which brother George gave, began to apologize. But I shrank back as I looked upon the countenance of the stranger, which was pale and cold as marble. Hardly heeding me, he strode past, until he stood directly in front of Mrs. Mangam. He looked earnestly upon her for an instant, and then, once more, there went up a shriek as shrill and piercing as before, and with the exclamation 'My husband, my husband!' she fell fainting in his arms.

And now it was evident that both my father and mother were greatly alarmed. One shock had unnerved the woman, and now in her extremely nervous condition came another. It was as much as a strong man could bear. How would it be with a lady?

Leaving this question for the moment in the hands of the physician, where it properly belongs, we will, with the reader's consent, go back and gather up a few threads of the narrative which have been dropped.

Skilfully had Prendergrast and Porter woven the web around Finslay. Evidence of his guilt beyond question had been obtained. Harden, half coward and half penitent, had disclosed everything; and now nothing remained but to touch the spring, and the bird would be secure. Accordingly the spring was touched, but no bird was there. It had flown. Yes, Finslay, with the low cunning that had marked all his career, had heard the approaching footsteps of the hunter, and, seizing what money and convertible funds he could lay his hands upon, disappeared. An examination of witnesses and documents disclosed the fact that he had enriched himself through Titwell's rascality and Mangam's misplaced confidence. But of the funds belonging to the latter a large portion was in such shape that it could not be carried off, and through a very simple process of the law Mangam would come out not greatly the loser. In the search, letter after letter was found from Mrs. Mangam to her husband, which had never been posted; and from Mr. Mangam to his wife, which had never been delivered. In the former mention was made of drafts enclosed, which could not be found. In the midst of the investigation all concerned were surprised by the sudden arrival of Mr. Mangam himself. Through pride, and the better to hide himself from the world until his losses should be in a measure at least regained, he had dropped his surname Mangam, and assumed that of Arthur, his middle name. All this was fully explained in one of the letters to his wife, which was found in Finslay's safe.

It was fortunate that Dr. Jamieson was on the spot at the time of Mr. Mangam's arrival, for he knew and could explain all. Little time was lost, therefore, in Cincinnati. Dr. Jamieson would be expected at our home. He therefore concluded to take Mr. Mangam with him, and leaving him at our house, first prepare Mrs. Mangam's mind for the reception of her husband. But matters were otherwise ordered. We have seen how he arrived, and that without any preparation whatever Mrs. Mangam was thrown into the arms of her husband.

Here now we are brought back to the point from which we digressed. The shock was indeed a severe one, and father and mother at once saw the peril. Restoratives were administered, and father sought to secure quiet for the shaken nerves. But what quiet could be expected, when here a daughter, for eighteen years lost, had been restored, and now a husband, who had been thought to be beneath the billows, was clasped in her arms?

Consciousness gradually returned to the patient, and then succeeded a season of perfect calm. Father and child embraced, and seated by the lounge on which the wife and mother reclined, the reunited family looked as we may imagine the families reunited in heaven to look. There was calm and sweet serenity, a holy consciousness that God was present to wipe away all tears.

The dinner planned for the morrow did take place. But there was an addition to the programme. Mrs. Mangam, though pale and feeble, yet with her heavenly sereneness, was there, and her husband the unexpected, but most welcome, guest. Josie too had taken a seat which had not been assigned her. She was between her own father and mother. Never sat a more happy company around a domestic board. And as we rose from the table, brother George, for the first time in twenty-four hours, engaged

Josie in a tête-a-tête behind the heavy damask curtains of the bay window.

'Josie,' said he, 'what wonderful, wonderful things have taken place during the past twenty-four hours! There is but one thing lacking to make all this scene, to me at least, one of perfect bliss. Do you understand me?'

She colored deeply and pressed his hand. It was enough.

'To-morrow,' said Rob, 'I leave you. Once more to Greek and Latin and Mathematics! But what marvels have happened during the past three weeks! The events would make a novel in themselves. Ah Julia, you mischief, I know what is passing in your mind; but if you do write it out and publish it, don't fail to inform the public that it all happened during ROB'S VACATION.'

The state to which God hath called us is a "state of salvation"; a state of deliverance from the present slavery of sin, and the future punishment of it; a state of the truest happiness that this life can afford, introducing us to perfect and everlasting happiness in the next. Such is the condition in which, through the mercy of God, we Christians are placed, and in which, by a Christian behavior, we may secure ourselves, and not only preserve, but continually enlarge our share of its blessings. But if we now neglect to do for ourselves what we ought, all that hath been done for us by others will be of no avail. Neither our baptism, nor our instruction, nor our learning ever so exactly, or understanding ever so distinctly, or remembering ever so particularly what we were instructed in, can possibly have any effect but to increase our condemnation, unless we faithfully "continue in" the practice of every part of it "to our life's end." This therefore let us all determine to make our constant and most earnest care, with humble gratitude to God "our heavenly Father" for His undeserved mercy to us; and with sure confidence that if we be not wanting to ourselves, "He that hath begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6).—*Archbishop Secker.*

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH.

(We lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And touch with an unguarded hand
Our dear, confiding native land.)

A certain Caliph, in the days
The race affected vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of Bagdad,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.
Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance
To aught but an anointed glance,
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.

But all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, and no one bought;
Save when some Jew with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
Would pause awhile—depreciate,
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas
To garnish rich men's treasuries.

And now for long none bought at all,
So lay he sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground—

"Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?"
"'Dined,'" quoth the man, with angry eyes,
"How should I dine when no one buys?"
"Nay," said the other, answering low,
"Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take then, this coin; but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined—remote—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air.
The fisherman that hauls his net—
The merchants in the market set;
The couriers posting in the street,
The gossips as they pass and greet—
These things are plain to all men's eyes,
Therefore with these they sympathize.
Further (neglect not this advice!)
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head!
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
—Ah, but the artist that was lost!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

We whose law love is, serve less by what we do than what we are.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

WHAT AUNT PHYLLIS USED TO DO.

Aunt Phyllis sat with Dolly and her little sisters, busily employed in making dolls' clothes for the latter.

'Aunt Phyllis,' remarked little Joan, 'I do think you must have had doleful times when you were a child, if you had only ashes and sticks of wood to play with.'

'Why, my dear child,' ejaculated her aunt, 'I hope I have not left such a mistaken impression as that upon your mind by my account of our old nursery; but it is so natural for children to prefer the odd things they pick up for themselves to more proper and legitimate toys, that if I mentioned no other amusements, it was because I could better remember the delightful times we had over those, the pleasure being probably heightened by the general disfavor with which the said amusements were regarded by the reigning powers in the nursery-world—particularly playing in the ashes. This latter was the more exciting from the fact that the stove-hearth was apt to be uncomfortably warm, and liable to burn our fingers unless we proceeded with the utmost caution.'

'But what could you do with your fingers in the ashes?' asked little Madge with a somewhat disgusted expression.

'Pretty much what you children do in the sand every Summer,' responded her aunt—'make winding paths and hills, with towers and castles of an occasional chip or cinder. But this play was always very brief, for no sooner did the nurse suspect what was going on than we were requested to stand aside that she might put more wood on the fire, after which the ashes were always tidily brushed up, and we were forced to seek diversion elsewhere—perhaps in the wood-box, which stood in the adjoining entry, and was filled with small logs which it was out of our power to lift. It was only the kindlings that we ever touched. Of these, a fresh supply was furnished every few days, and as we rushed to examine it, imagine the delight of the one who found a curved stick, or one with a large knot in it, as sometimes happened. She who discovered such a treasure was at once the envy of her companions. We used these sticks for guns, swords, crutches, building purposes, and sometimes even for dolls.'

'Had you no dolls?' asked little Joan, pityingly.

'Had we not?' exclaimed Aunt Phyllis. 'How I wish you could have seen some of them? You might not have admired the largest one of all, which was brought out only on great casions, but I am sure you would have laughed at her. She was dressed in a dull drab silk, with very plain, scanty skirts, a short, plaited waist, and balloon sleeves. She owned also a coal-scuttle bonnet of bottle-green silk, garlanded with orange blossoms, and there were traditions of a lace veil and mantilla which were lost before I can remember. But what caused her to be regarded as such a wonder was the fact of having *real* hair in large ringlets, and eyes that would shut—not when you laid her down, as your doll's do, but by pulling a wire below her belt, which it required some skill to manipulate naturally and secretly. I regret that that bonnet was not preserved as well as the dress, which I believe still exists.

'As for ordinary dolls, we had every variety, as far as they were then invented. China heads were only just coming into use. There was a woman

too in our village who manufactured the most astonishing black rag-dolls —wonderful imitations of nature, with flat noses and woolly hair; but never having seen colored people at that time, I could not imagine why dolls should be made in that style, except to gratify some whim of the maker.'

'And which of all your dolls did you love best?' asked little Madge.

'Well, if you must know,' continued Aunt Phyllis, 'the dolls with china and composition heads were always rather more of an anxiety than a comfort, as we knew that a very slight blow would be the ruin of their poor heads, and should such a catastrophe happen, weeks might elapse ere they could be replaced, since there were no shops at hand but the one village store, where no toys were kept except those of the cheapest description, such as you buy now for a very few cents. Consequently, I regarded mine with more awe than affection. But the doll of all others which gave me the greatest pleasure was my last and smallest—one of a couple brought to me and my younger sister by a cousin from the city. We were quite old enough then to dispense with dolls entirely, but these were so charmingly small, so convenient to carry in our pockets, and above all, required so little material for clothing, as to be utterly irresistible. In a family of five little girls, each with a good-sized doll, requiring nearly a yard of stuff for a gown, and with no source of supply but the piece-bag, you may imagine that a new doll's dress was a luxury not often indulged in, except at Christmas or on a birthday. But these lovely little creatures could have a new dress daily, if we were so minded, and could accompany us anywhere with little danger of coming to an untimely end. There are plenty of such dolls now, but I never see them without a feeling of thankfulness that I was permitted to enjoy the possession of one before my period of doll-playing had quite expired.'

'But you had other toys besides dolls, I suppose?' remarked Joan, timidly.

'Yes,' responded Aunt Phyllis, 'I presume we were well off in that respect for the time and place, since I do not think it was customary for children then to be so overloaded with toys as they seem to be now; and there were many things that we enjoyed quite as much as toys. One of these, which we called "playing house," was a great favorite, and was carried on in every conceivable nook and corner—under the table or pianos, behind the stove, the door or the sofa. Sometimes we had separate abodes, but in general we preferred one establishment, an old shawl and a small chair being our principal dependence in the way of furniture. From the quantity of time that I passed upon all-fours at that period, I conclude that I must have been very youthful indeed.

'The approach of Winter was marked for us by putting down the heavy carpets in the lower rooms, which had been replaced during the Summer by Canton matting, or *straw*, as we called it. There was one bed-room with a matted floor, which for years went by the name of "the straw-room." When these carpets were once laid, the stoves in their Winter places, and the red curtains and sofa-cover adjusted, we spent a few days in passive admiration. I assure you I always enjoyed that restoration of bright color, after the grim period of matting and brown linen covers. The red curtains cast such a cheerful glow; and of the two carpets in dining-room and sitting-room, I could never tell which I preferred. Both had dark maroon grounds; but while the

former was covered with sprays and streamers of flowers, entwined in an orange scroll-work, the latter had suspended from its scrolls by a blue ribbon, a basket of flowers—a pattern much admired by all who saw it; though I remember that the flowers were so immense as to be out of all proportion to the basket. These two carpets, after twenty-odd years of service, passed out of existence; but two others, from the parlor and library, not being as much used, still cover some of the bed-room floors at my old home. They must have been purchased nearly fifty years ago, but are still bright and pretty.

'This putting up of the curtains and laying of the carpets was a great event in our necessarily quiet lives, and created quite as enjoyable an excitement for us as a shopping excursion does for you. If people would only recall how little they were pleased with in their youth, they would not be so strenuous in searching for fresh excitements for the young. Children brought up to expect something new almost daily, soon find it impossible to exist without, and the result is a generation of people who, before middle age, have exhausted every variety, and are sunk into a condition of mind and body pitiable to contemplate. It is hard to believe that the numerous young infants one meets travelling by steam-cars will not afterwards suffer from the effects of the noise and jar.

'But I must not forget our Franklin stoves, which were larger than any I ever saw. There were three of them in the lower rooms, like portable iron fire-places, so large and heavy that they were never moved except at house-cleaning times, when they were put on rollers. In Summer they stood close to the chimney, but in cold weather were set out nearer the centre of the room. They were furnished with brass andirons, brass-mounted wire fenders, and brass ornaments across the top. These were duly polished on Saturday mornings, and reflected every gleam of the blazing wood-fire upon the broad hearth. We spent a great deal of our time sitting on the rug, with our chins on a level with the low fender, watching the sparks fly up into the black cavern above, or building imaginary houses amid the creeping flames. On the iron plate at the back were classically-draped figures in *alto-relievo*, which, till I was wiser, I always supposed to be representations of *Benjamin* Franklin (my youthful creed being unable to admit the fact of more than one of the name). These figures were sometimes entirely hidden by the fire, and again would show dimly through the flames and smoke in a highly weird and mysterious manner. When the fire was low and we were allowed to add a few kindlings and give a well-directed blast upon the bellows, that was enjoyment indeed! This pair of bellows, by the way, was considered by us as something very remarkable and valuable. The leather part was of red morocco, and on the front was a Chinese painting, in gilding and bright colors, which we thought most wonderful. They were the delight of the small children as a plaything, and the older ones never kept house in any part of the room without setting up the bellows as a special ornament.

'Another wonderful thing, which we were not permitted to touch till we grew older, was my mother's foot-stove. How I did secretly covet that for my very own; it seemed so capable of being appropriated to a dozen different uses, with its cunning little door, and the odd pattern of holes punched in the tin sides. If it had not been for the iron pan of ashes within, which were so inclined to spill out upon the

carpet, I have no doubt we should have made as great an idol of that foot-stove as we did of the bellows. I presume this all sounds very odd to you, but probably your own childish experiences will seem equally odd to the next generation.'

'But did you go to school?' asked Madge.

'Not then, for I was under four years old,' said her aunt; 'and though our kind governess, who was with us many years, came to live with us about that time, I have no special recollection of the event, though I can perfectly recall the appearance of a woman who sometimes worked for us, and who died, I have since discovered from her tombstone, when I was but three years old.

'It is not always easy to tell the exact date of one's childish memories, but I know pretty well when they occurred before I was six years old, for early in that Spring a wonderful event happened in our family, and that was —the birth of a little brother. From that time forth he holds a prominent place in all my childish reminiscences, but those of which I have told you were before that time, and as nearly as I can tell, before I was four years of age.'

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson.*

No star shines brighter than the kingly man
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears;
Who grandly conquers or as grandly dies,
And the white banner of his manhood bears
Through all the years uplifted to the skies.
—*Julia C. Dorr.*

Quit brooding over your troubles, misfortunes, and losses. A brave man with a soul in him worth anything, gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragements, rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the most of life. The earth is not Paradise; you are only on the road there if you take the right direction.

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

July 12th.—I have heard to-day the shrill notes of the first locust. If, as some people say, it is prophetic of frost in six weeks time, we are duly warned to prepare for a cool September. At present flowers with us are scarce enough to be counted. The trumpet-creeper is a beautiful sight, with its sharp-cut, graceful foliage and showy orange and scarlet trumpets. But it is to be admired only from a distance, and in the open air. When brought within doors, the transformation is astonishing. The once brilliant colors become dull and tawdry, and the whole plant looks rather coarse and vulgar, and we are somehow reminded of an illiterate millionaire, who may climb to any height of dazzling splendor, but will never command either esteem or affection.

The small, dark blue clematis, which has been in bloom for a month past, is another of those plants whose chief beauty is in its outlines—and they are graceful beyond description—but both flowers and foliage are of such dull hues as to be almost useless for arranging satisfactorily in vases. But as "it is an ill wind," according to the old proverb, "that blows no good," this vine is a treasure indeed in decorative embroidery, where its dull hues are fully appreciated, and produce admirable results. We have a seedling of a dull pink color, but I find this quite as impracticable for producing an effect as the other, so we decide to leave both clematis and creeper ungathered, and taking up our station daily on the lawn, can enjoy watching them both in the only situations calculated to display them to advantage. The stalks of the clematis flowers are so dark-colored, long, and slender, as to be all but invisible, and it is thus

easy to imagine them a troop of small, blue butterflies, hovering about the plant, particularly as they are never without a slight motion from every passing breeze ; while the larger and more vividly colored blooms of the creeper resemble rather tropic birds flitting among the tree-tops.

Turning to the garden for a supply for our empty vases, we find nothing there but the common soup-marigold, another child of the sun, which loses half its brightness if deprived of "the day-god's burning fire." Also a clump of old-fashioned hollyhocks, bright and cheerful always in the spot where they grow, but rather aggravating out of it. True, one can sever the blossoms from the tall spike, and arrange them in shallow saucers, but they look about as unnatural and uncomfortable in that position as the poor turtles sometimes to be seen lying on their backs in front of a restaurant. I wonder how many are aware of the fact, which I lately read in an English book, that the stalks of this plant yield a blue dye, scarcely inferior in its color to that procured from indigo. Hollyhocks are of Eastern origin, and when first introduced into English gardens, were known as "foreign roses."

Our Althea-hedge is beginning to break into bloom, and is conspicuous at quite a distance ; the masses of pink and white flowers, relieved against the smooth, dark green foliage, having almost the effect of roses. It is a member of the Hollyhock family, as is also the Marshmallow, now beginning to show its delicate pink urns along the edges of ditches and ponds. This plant is apt to entice the unwary stranger, who admires it at a distance, into a weary tramp amid tall weeds and moist thickets, only to discover that it is but a coarse, glutinous weed, and a refuge for myriads of mosquitos. Beyond the lovely pink color of the blossoms, it has nothing to recommend it on a nearer acquaintance, but is much more acceptable when converted into marshmallow paste, or what the French call guimauve.

July 20th.—We have now, not more than sixty feet from the door, on a damp piece of shaded lawn, a beautiful specimen of Monotropa, called also Indian Pipe and Ghost-flower ; a large cluster, containing as many as thirty of the pearly bells. One feels tempted to advertise the fact, since so many have never chanced to behold this strange and curious plant. The ground is quite level and open, and when the setting sun streams across it, we can see this clump from a long distance, looking against the sunlight like a bit of transparent waxwork. It seems to me rather an unusual situation, as I have never found it out of actual woods ; though two years ago a similar clump appeared just a few feet beyond the same spot ; but in the intervening year there were no traces of it, though we looked for its appearance daily. I must not omit to add that on my last visit to this clump I disturbed a bee, who spent some little time in the interior of one of the flowers. I believe the popular theory is that the sun never shines upon this plant, and that bees never visit it.

Looking up from my writing in time to catch the vivid flash of an oriole disappearing into the Norway spruce which stands directly facing the window, and but a yard from the piazza, certain conjectures recur forcibly to my mind. Why are there so many birds always to be seen about an evergreen, and why do they so rarely build their nests in one?

Twice in a season do I examine over a hundred spruces on the place, and never yet found but a couple of nests, both of which were deserted ; and yet one would suppose there was

never a pleasanter or more convenient site for a nest than the dense green heart of a Norway spruce. I think I may venture to say that this tree by our library window is never without birds, and of every variety—wrens, sparrows, robins, catbirds, yellow-birds, bluebirds, thrushes, woodpeckers, and even owls—continually coming and going, as if there were some special kind of insect to be obtained there. I find myself wondering daily what the attration is—who can tell? I sometimes imagine they hold that position in the bird-world which places of public resort do among mortals. They may be hotels or clubs or watering-places, which they visit for the benefit of the aromatic air—perhaps theatres, or even the cathedrals of the feathered race, only that they are too full of bustle and chatter. In fact, they are more like places for the interchange of gossip than anything else. If any one can help me to a solution of the mystery, I shall be much obliged. KELAH.

TRAIN UP A CHILD.

When we meet a boy or girl of affable and polite manners, allied to an amiable disposition, we invariably say "He has the instincts of a gentleman," or "She is a lady by birth." Whereas, the children are undoubtedly those only of conscientious, well-bred, religious parents, and in their daily life reflect their good breeding. It is easy to drift with the current of popular beliefs and customs—as it is not a difficult matter to follow in the wake of fashion. It is the custom in this free country of ours to largely permit children to do pretty much as they please, and to give little or no heed to instruction in politeness and good manners. It is an ease-loving age, and no one can be polite and kind without being somewhat unselfish. Hence there are so few "gentlemanly" boys and so few unselfish, lady-like girls. Irreverence is seen in church in regard to holy things and toward elderly people, who are entitled to respect and kindly offices. The prayerful training of a child cannot fail of success—that is, the child will know his duty to his fellow-men, and will, all the way up to manhood's years, make sacrifices to have it well performed. It has often been the cause of remark that rarely is the wealth of a man, and especially the self-made man, nowadays retained in the family beyond the third generation. The children of the first generation are reared amidst profusion, and readily acquire expensive habits and tastes; the offspring of these children are generally educated without any practical knowledge of taking care of themselves, and sooner or later lose their patrimony, and after drifting helplessly for a time, they are stranded, and become a hopeless wreck. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," says the good Book. Experience has shown us how true this is. All children should be trained to habits of industry, and taught the high and holy uses to which time and money should be put, and what our aim and end in life should be. There would then be more "gentlemen" and "ladies" than we now meet with, not only among the youth, but among the men and women of the land also, and to see them would be no novelty, as it now is.—*Church and S. S. Weekly.*

Nothing can bring me to believe it to be either comely or right that the spiritual kingdom of the Son of Man should be systematically hampered in its movements, or corrupted in its transactions, by appointing as executive officers men who are not its members by baptism, who deny its articles of belief, or who live notoriously evil lives. What is absurd everywhere else cannot be sagacity in religion: what would be outrageous before the civil law cannot be made decent in the discipline, the temporalities, vestries, or courts of the Church.—*Bishop Huntington.*

GOODNESS.—You know what virtue is; you may have it, if you will; it is is in every man's power, and miserable is the man who has it not.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

[From Chambers's Journal.]

ROCKING-STONES.

Scattered over certain portions of the British Isles, and here and there in other parts of the world, may be found masses of detached rock, often of great size, poised so nicely on a narrow base that they move to and fro under very slight pressure, and known in Great Britain by the name of "Logan" or "Rocking" Stones. In some cases the action of the wind alone is sufficient to set them in motion.

Formerly these stones, from their peculiar characteristics, were considered to be the work of human hands, and were classed among "Druidic remains"—the common belief being that they were connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the Druids.

One of the absurd beliefs was that if a supposed culprit was brought to a rocking-stone, his guilt or innocence would be at once proclaimed—if guilty, the stone would vibrate on his approach by unseen power; while on the other hand his innocence would be proved by its remaining stationary. An opposite belief—that the stone would "rock" at the slightest touch of those pure at heart, but would withstand even a giant's power when exerted by the guilty—is thus well expressed by the poet Mason:

> Behold yon huge
> And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
> Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
> On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
> Such is its strange and virtuous property,
> It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
> Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,
> Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
> It stands as fixed as Snowden.

These beliefs, like many others connected with so-called cromlechs and other remains, are, however, exploded, and it is now very generally agreed that rocking-stones are not works of art, but the result of natural causes.

There can be no doubt that in most cases the "rocking" property of these masses of stone is entirely due to weathering, disintegration having been effected through countless ages by the action of wind and rain, and sometimes by sand blown by the wind upon the masses of jutting rock of which they are composed. In some instances too, there is little doubt the superincumbent mass has fallen or rolled from the rocks and heights above, and become accidentally poised on its present bed; and in others again, they may have been deposited in their position by glaciers or icebergs. In all cases, however, we shall be safe in attributing, in one way or other, their formation to natural agency. At one of the meetings of the British Association, this theory was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Grove, who stated that by artificial attrition he had himself made several miniature rocking-stones; "and thus he showed how by the action of the atmosphere on their corners, many large masses of rock, which have a tendency to disintegrate into cubical or tabular blocks, might gradually become rounded into the rude spheroidal shape generally presented by the logan."

There are a number of these singular formations in Devonshire, the most remarkable being known as the "Nutcracker." It is situated on a ridge near Lustleigh Cleave, near Manaton, and is so delicately poised that it can be moved with the little finger. The stone is about five feet in length and breadth, "and rests as it were upon a keel, so that a push rolls it from side to side, its progress at each vibration being arrested by a stone against which it knocks"; and a nut being placed at the point of contact is easily cracked; hence its name. Another rock, also known as the "Nutcracker," which formerly rocked, but is now immovable, stands on Heytor near Moreton; it is about sixteen feet in length, and is poised horizontally upon an upright rock, surrounded by a wild cluster of masses of granite. Another and larger mass of granite near it oscillates with considerable ease. The rocking-stone lying in the bed of the river at Drewsteignton, is about eighteen feet in length, and in some parts seven feet high. It could formerly be easily moved with one hand, but now, probably owing to the constant washing of sand into its bed, it is immovably fixed. It has evidently fallen from the hill above. A smaller one, but capable of being rocked with greater facility, is situated on the brow of a hill at Holy street, in the parish of Chagford. One on East

Down, named the "Whooping Rock" from the noise it yielded in tempestuous weather, has also long ceased its functions Two other rocking-stones, now, however, fixed—the one called "Rugglestone," measuring twenty-two feet in length, nineteen in breadth, and five feet in thickness, and the other about ten feet by nine—are near Widdecombe.

In the neighboring county of Cornwall, rocking-stones are plentiful. A very notable one is the "Logan Rock" at Treryn Castle in the parish of St. Leven, between Penzance and the Land's End. It is a stupendous block of granite, poised on the crest of an immense pile of rocks that jut out into the sea. In size it is about seventeen feet in length, and thirty-two and a half in circumference near its middle, and its weight is probably about sixty-five tons. The portion in contact with the under rock is of very small extent, and the whole mass is so nicely balanced that the strength of a single man applied to it is sufficient to make it oscillate. A superstitious idea used to be current among the peasantry that although one person might rock the stone, yet no power whatever would prove enough to displace or overthrow it. On the 8th of April, 1824, a young naval lieutenant named Goldsmith, who was at that time in command of a revenue-cutter stationed off the Cornish coast, resolved in a fit of wantonness to put this popular belief to the test. Accompanied by his crew, he soon proved the fallacy of the superstition, for in a very short time the united strength of the party was sufficient to "logg" or move the stone a short distance from its position, but an adjoining rock kept it from going over the cliff. Trifling as the alteration was, it destroyed the rocking property of the huge block; and the mischievous lieutenant found all the efforts of himself and men unavailing to restore it to the place which for ages it had occupied. His action so enraged the inhabitants of the district that they complained to the authorities, and the result was he received orders from the Admiralty to replace the rock. The task, on account of the peculiar position of the logan-stone and surrounding rocks, was a very difficult one; but at length, with the assistance of ropes and machinery from Plymouth dockyard, it was reinstated in its former resting-place. It now stands on a short iron bolt, but cannot be "logged" nearly so easily as before it was so mischievously tampered with. There are a number of smaller logan-rocks in this district, the name "logan" being taken from the Cornish "logg" to move to and fro. One formerly in the parish of Constantine, between Penryhn and Helston, was larger than the one last described, but the influence of the elements, which probably first caused its singular shape, has now robbed it of its facility of movement. At Sithney, four miles from Helston, is one called Mênamber, the British word for the holy-stone. This used to be a fine logan, until it was thrown down by order of Shrubsall, Oliver Cromwell's governor of Pendennis Castle, on account of the superstitious adoration with which it was regarded by the inhabitants of the neighborhood. In the southern corner of the isthmus leading westward to Carn les Boel, are several rocks resting one on another; the uppermost, fifteen feet long, six high, and seven broad, is so delicately poised that from one position a child can easily "logg" it. Others occur also in various parts of the county, one notable example being at Zennor. Several rocking-stones occur in the Scilly Isles, notably one at St. Agnes, very high, and nearly globular in shape.

About three miles from Monmouth, and one from the Kymin, occurs the "Buckstone," a logan which can be rocked with a moderate degree of strength. The brow of the hill on which the Buckstone is situated, inclines at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and any small stone laid down by the visitor will immediately roll down the declivity; but the great rock, which is of pyramidal form, and nearly sixty feet in circumference, has kept its place for ages. In Camden's *Britannia*, 1722, mention is made of what was known to the learned author as Y maen Sigl, or the rocking-stone, situated on a sea-cliff within half a mile of St. David's, Pembrokeshire. This, like the one at Sithney, was thrown down by the Puritan soldiers during the Commonwealth. On the western brink of a hill near Elwy-

silan, Glamorganshire, about midway between Merthyr and Cardiff, is another example, known to the natives by the name of Y maen Chwyf. The block is composed of rough sandstone, and its size has been estimated at about two hundred and fifty cubic feet. A moderate application of strength will give it considerable motion, which may easily be continued with one hand.

Near Llandudno, Caernarvonshire, is one called by the inhabitants Crid Tudno—that is, St. Tudno's Cradle. Some mischief-loving person has thrown it off its balance; and now, instead of rocking to and fro as it used to do on the application of one finger, it lies fixed like any other of the blocks near it.

On a hill on Ashover Common in Derbyshire is a rocking-stone twenty-six feet in circumference, called "Robin Hood's Mark," which oscillates with moderate force. On Hathersage Moor in the same county is one somewhat larger in size; and others also still exist in the same neighborhood. Some small ones also occur at Stanton Moor; but the most notable examples are the "Rowter" or "Roo-tor" rocks at Birchover near Winster. The largest of these is about ten feet in height, and over thirty in circumference, and it rocks with great ease. On Whitsunday, 1799, this fine stone was overthrown by a party of wild young fellows, by way of frolic, and although restored as near as may be to its original position, it has never rocked or "roo'd" (rolled) so well since. On another part of this stupendous mass of rocks is a second rocking-stone known as the "Finger-stone," which although of considerable size, may with the most perfect ease be moved with one finger. On the Bradley Rocks close at hand, too, is a rocking-stone; and another of smaller size occurs on Winster Tor.

At Walton in Lancashire, five of these stones are situated so contiguous to each other that if one is touched, the motion is communicated to all the rest. Several interesting examples occur in Yorkshire. At Brimham Rocks, about a mile and a half from the Dacre Banks Station near Harrogate, is a remarkable group of three, composed of millstone grit, the centre stone being supposed to weigh a hundred tons.

At a short distance from these, the "Boat" rocking-stone, of about forty tons weight, is perched on the edge of a precipice, and can be moved with very slight pressure. At Brandrith Crags, nine miles from Harrogate, on the road to Bolton Priory, is one weighing upwards of twenty tons, and capable of being rocked with great facility. There is also one at Thornthwaite in that neighborhood. Another, near Halifax, is ten and a half feet long, nine feet five inches broad, and five and a quarter feet thick. One or two cases occur amid the Cumberland hills; and in "A Tour through the Island of Great Britain," by Defoe and Richardson (1769), we find mention of one near Balvaird, in Fife, the oscillating power of which was destroyed by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell.

Grose, in his "Antiquities of Scotland," 1797, speaks of what he terms a logan-stone so poised as to be movable with a small exertion of force. This huge stone, he says, stood near the summit of the Kell Rin Mountains in Galloway. It was known as the "Mickle Lump," and was eight feet nine inches long, five feet one inch and a half in height, and in circumference twenty-two feet nine inches. On the summit of the wooded pyramidal hill, Craig-y-barns, which forms so remarkable a feature in the landscape at Dunkeld, is "what used to be a wonderful rocking-stone, but the stone has been fastened by the insertion of wedges." In the Isle of Arran an interesting example of rocking-stone may be seen near the shore at South Sannox.

Several instances occur in Ireland. Camden speaks of one at Clonmany, County Donegal, described to be of vast size and pyramidal form, and known by the name of Magarl Fhin mhic Cuill. At Brown's Bay, on the coast of Antrim, is a remarkably fine rocking-stone, well balanced on a projecting rock; it can be moved with great ease in one direction. On the side of a lofty hill in the Coom Duv or Black Valley, near the Upper Lake of Killarney, County Kerry, is the Balance Rock, spoken of by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall in their elegant work on "Ireland," as a "Druidical" me-

morial of great antiquity. This stone is likened by Moore to the poet's heart, which

The slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth's powers could not shake from its base.

On the side of Slieve Ban, near Rostrevor, is a large block of granite, probably deposited there, as so many have doubtless been, by ice, which formerly is said to have been easily rocked. Tradition affirms that the mass of granite "was pitched there from the Carlingford Mountains by Fionn M'Comhal, who, having accepted a challenge from a celebrated Caledonian giant, travelled as far as Carlingford to meet him. Benandonner, the Scotch giant, having landed at Dundrum, came as far as Slieve Ban to meet his adversary Fionn. The latter, as a salutation or exhibition of his strength, is said to have taken this lump of granite from a gap—still shown in the Carlingford Mountains—and heaved it across the lough. It fell at the feet of bold Benandonner, who was so much startled at the strength of Fionn that he declined further competition, and returned at full speed to the quiet of his native Scottish hills." At Luggala, on the eastern side of the valley, a rocking-stone is said to have been thrown down by a party of military in 1800, and now lies immovable some yards from its original position. On the Three-Rock Mountains, County Dublin, culprits are said to have been "placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over their heads and threaten death at every instant."

It is unnecessary to prolong this list of examples of "logan" or "rocking" stones, those named being only a small proportion of what are known still to be in existence. They occur in most parts of the globe, and are associated in many ways with the beliefs, the superstitions, and the history, in some cases, of the localities where they occur; and are invariably of interest to tourists and others in quest of natural curiosities.

True dignity abides with him alone
Who in the patient hour of silent thought
Can still suspect, and still revere himself.
—*Wordsworth.*

It is not so much to get rid of something, as to do something and to be something.—*Bell.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Sunday-school is a modern institution; and experience, so far, has revealed many defects which its originators hardly contemplated. It breaks in upon the day of rest so needed by our hard-worked laity; and there are few of the clergy who have not felt the difficulty of securing male teachers who were competent, and at the same time willing to give up to teaching the intervals of time which Divine service allowed them, instead of devoting them to their families and homes.

A Sunday-school should prepare the children who attend it for Confirmation, not only by imparting what is called practical religious instruction, but also by instilling into their minds and hearts the principles and doctrines of the Church, and teaching them the intimate connection that subsists between these principles and doctrines and the religious life itself. In no other way can the Sunday-school become a nursery of the Church, or justify its own existence. Where nothing that is distinctive of our Church system is imparted, or where the children find, or think they find, in attendance at the Sunday-school an excuse for the neglect of Divine worship, it is clear that a Divine ordinance is set aside for the sake of a merely human expedient, and that nothing but evil can result. Christian parents should at the same time realize that no instruction given in a Sunday-school can justify them in neglecting the religious training of their children at home.—*Bp. Starkey.*

We often speak of the influence of example, and we are apt to limit that influence to the mere excitement in others of the imitative faculty. But the true influence of Christian example—of a life of genuine obedience to truth—is something more and far higher than this. The good of truth is a substance, it is a spiritual food, and though, like natural food, it cannot benefit those who do not appropriate it, yet to the spiritually hungry it is the bread of life.

Let every man be as humble, as faithful, as obedient as his language professes, and the kingdom of God has come.—*F. W. Robertson.*

[From the Sunday Magazine.]

"SISTER DORA."

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

In these days of many creeds, of new interpretations of the Word of God, and of varied doctrines and dogmas, the biography of Sister Dora opens to us breathing space in purer air, and lifts us up into the heavenly heights of Christ's Christianity.

A noble woman, beautiful and strong in person and in mind, filled with wonderful energy and broad sympathy—a woman capable of great deeds and greater self-sacrifice, and yet with human weaknesses, foibles, and failings—rises before us: a saint of these latter days, before whose life of usefulness the legendary accounts of those of earlier times seem paltry.

We close the book with shame, that the same religion which made Sister Dora so Christlike has done so little for ourselves, and yet thanking God she has lived to point the way to better things.

On the 16th of January, 1832, in the old Rectory at Hauxwell, a little village some miles back from picturesque Richmond, and on the edge of the North Riding moors, a lovely child, Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, was born.

The youngest girl in the Rector's large family—a Yorkshire woman by descent and birth—it is not surprising that as she grew out of a feeble childhood in a healthy girlhood, she developed a love for music and riding. "Her clear and powerful voice had that peculiar roundness and richness of sound only to be heard in the favored district where every boy and girl seems to be born singing." Often afterward that sweet voice sang hymns by dying beds, which "Sister" had made easy, or told to suffering lads laid in her hospital ward, crushed and disfigured, jolly tales of races over the trackless moorlands, wild rides across country, or of following the hounds in many a long run.

Dorothy Pattison grew up tall and strong, with a fine figure, noble bearing, and rounded, beautiful face, full of life, fun, and ability. "One of her characteristics was an intense love of amusement, and of getting fun out of everything; and this she conveyed in no mean degree to others through the medium of her own ready wit and originality of expression. She had a large share of practical commonsense, with a good deal of the shrewdness inseparable from the Yorkshire character, and possessed the faculty for hitting the right nail on the head, and for seeing to the bottom of a well." As she went singing about the old rooms, her father named her "Sunshine." Her faults were those to be expected: no meanness could live in such a grand nature; but pride, self-will, and a stubborn determination to have her own way at any cost, did so. But the good Lord made even sin to serve His child, and the faults which brought her self-reproach and loneliness drove her also to Him who alone could sustain and comfort, and took away the desire to live just at the moment where, had not these been conquered, they might have had the fullest gratification.

Dorothy remained at home until she was twenty-nine years of age. Often the inner consciousness of great powers, joined to a passionate desire for work, made her chafe at the dull monotony of her country life. Her mother died suddenly, and soon afterward she made the acquaintance, at the seaside village of Redcar, of the Sisters of the Good Samaritans. Their headquarters are at Coatham, a part of Redcar, where they have a Convalescent Home; from this there are branch cottage hospitals in various parts of the country. The life of these Sisters seemed to Dorothy Pattison the fulfilment of her ideal, and she went back to Hauxwell determined to put herself to use at once—other than was to be found at home. Mr. Pattison strongly objected to the religious opinions held by the Sisterhood, and to his daughter's joining it; but her wilfulness was indomitable, and at length, he neither giving nor refusing his consent, she engaged herself as village schoolmistress at Little Woolston, in Buckinghamshire, as a kind of half measure. No one knew her here, and she lived alone in a small cottage, conducting the village school admirably for three years, at the end of which time an attack of pleurisy sent her once more to Redcar. Then

she gave up her school and joined the Sisterhood. Dorothy Pattison well knew this was against her father's desire, although he laid no express contrary command on her. The remembrance of this conduct afterward caused her, when her eyes were opened, the keenest sorrow, and even on her deathbed wrung from her the confession "I was very wilful; I did very wrong." It seems almost like retributive justice that these persons, whose self-ordained authority she preferred to her father's, should, by their cruel use of it, have inflicted upon her a misery and a wrong-doing which she could never remember without remorse. The restlessness which urged her on this course came from an unsatisfied soul filled with doubts. With no real love for her Saviour, and longing for "definite authority" to direct her, she went into the Home at Coatham, and from thenceforth became known as Sister Dora.

At the Home she learnt to scrub, bake, and make beds, and at length, in 1865, was sent to help to nurse at the cottage hospital at Walsall, a town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, in the Black Country, seven miles from Birmingham. Accidents in the coal-pits, blast-furnaces, and on the railway lines, in this neighborhood are frequent. The people are a wild, rough, brave folk, wicked and warm-hearted, strong for evil and for good.

Sister Dora, who all through life was very susceptible of every kind of infection, immediately caught the small-pox. After her recovery she worked on there.

The cottage hospital had lived down the opposition which it had encountered at first, and Sister Dora was the last of the Sisters who met with persecution. At the time of the Murphy riots, as she went down a street one day, a young man cried out "There goes one of those Sisters of Misery!" and threw a stone which cut open her forehead. Sister Dora had the happy faculty of never forgetting a face, and seldom a name; so, shortly afterward, when it happened that this lad was brought into the hospital badly injured from a pit accident, she said to herself "That's my man," and nursed him with the tenderest care. One night, when he was recovering, she found him quietly crying. 'I wouldn't ask him what was the matter,' Sister Dora said, 'because I knew well enough, and I wanted him to confess.' At length it came out with many sobs—

'Sister, *I* threw that stone at you.'

'O did you think I did not know that? Why, I knew you the very first minute you came in at the door.'

'What! you knew me, and have been nursing me like this?'

'You see it was his first practical experience of good returned for evil, and he didn't know what to make of it,' she said.

Sister Dora was recalled to Coatham, and employed in various ways, until, in November, 1865, she was sent back to Walsall, and from that time became, as the Walsall people call her, "*our* Sister"; not that this was accomplished without a struggle.

In December the hospital committee received notice that Sister Dora was to be removed to Middlesbro; they remonstrated, and she remained, only immediately afterward to be ordered to Devonshire, to nurse a private patient. At the same moment came a letter summoning her home, as her father lay dangerously ill. Remembering the vow she was under, she telegraphed to Coatham that another Sister should be sent to Devonshire, and for leave herself to go to Hauxwell; and 'No' was returned; 'go at once to Devonshire.' The message could only have been sent by these narrow-souled superiors to humble her, and it is almost impossible to believe that such a woman as Dorothy Pattison should do such a wicked thing as to obey. But so she did, and had hardly reached her destination when the news followed her—her father "had gone," without a sight of his Sunshine. The Superior, to patch up this cruelty, sent her a tardy permission to attend the funeral, which, as useless, Sister Dora declined. Thus began a breach which was never healed; thus was the first knot of her self-imposed bondage unloosed, and in later years, as time went by, she threw off the yoke entirely.

And another blessing was, day by day, coming to her soul: faith was growing, doubts fading away; the Christ gradually believed in historical-

ly, was becoming *her* Redeemer, and her heart, which she had herself closed to earthly affections, was turning with a personal, entire devotion to Christ, her "All in All." Much of this she owed to the late Rev. Richard Twigg. Under the influence of his noble Christian teaching and daily example, she developed that burning zeal and spirit of self-sacrifice which henceforward distinguished her, and his was the main human support to which she clung. She reproduced his Bible lessons in a simpler form at her Sunday services in the hospitals, and many were there taught who will never forget those lessons. He was a true friend; he seldom praised, but often reproved her motives and actions. He pointed out her faults, and helped her to correct them, while others only offered her the praise and admiration which she loved. Toward the close of her life she said: 'If I had to begin life over again I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man and be in subjection.' But perhaps she was wrong in this; at all events, the regret that they have not lived some other life is not uncommon to devoted souls. She possessed a wonderful gift of raising those about her to somewhat of her own height; and maybe she was more useful as a beacon-light revealing Christ in the heathenism of that dirty, crowded town, and really more fulfilling the will of the Father, whose children these were whom she tended, raised, and saved, than if, in a comfortable, sheltered home of her own, she had passed a refined life surrounded by the children her woman's heart longed for. The life she lived might not seem the fairest to her here; but no doubt she now sees differently, and understands God's compensations. Certainly to no life could she have been more admirably fitted.

The hospital under Sister Dora's charge became too small, and a new one was erected in an excellent situation, which contained twenty-eight beds. So quietly did she work that few in Walsall remember anything of her early months among them. The surgeon perceived her remarkable touch and great aptitude for surgery, and gladly taught to her this important part of her calling. Next she learnt the position of the arteries. She followed this course of study with delight, and was "constantly learning." She became a most expert assistant, and could in time set limbs, sew wounds, and bandage splendidly; also in the treatment of burns she was eminently successful. But also her great success was partly owing to her high-bred sympathizing manner and personal beauty; these inspired the rough colliers and iron-workers with unbounded confidence, so that she could frequently persuade them to undergo operations which their nearest relatives could not do.

One poor fellow tells how, after three months of the tenderest and most constant nursing, it was found impossible to save his leg. His father and brother in vain pleaded with him to part with it; death was very near; "so Sister came," seated herself by the bed, and talked so cheerily that the poor fellow dared face it if she were by, and next day the leg was amputated and his life was saved. But her greatest pleasure was to *save* a limb, well understanding that a working man's right hand is his fortune, and often she succeeded. One of the most touching incidents is this: "A fine healthy young man was one night brought in with his arm torn and twisted by a machine. The doctor pronounced that nothing could save it, and that he must amputate at once. 'O Sister, save my arm for me!—it's my right arm!' the poor fellow cried. Sister Dora thoughtfully turned to the surgeon, saying 'I believe I can save this arm if you will let me try.' 'Are you mad? I tell you it's impossible—mortification will set in in a few hours; nothing but amputation will save his life! She turned quickly to the anxious patient. 'Are you willing for me to try and save your arm, my man?' What would he not have been willing to let the woman do who turned upon him such a winning face, and spoke in tones so strangely sympathetic? He joyfully gave consent. Then the surgeon let her have her way, but 'He will die,' he said. She watched and tended 'her arm,' as she called it, almost literally night and day for three weeks. It was a period of terrible suspense and anxiety. 'How I prayed over that arm!' she said afterward; and she, by God's mercy, saved

it. Years afterward, when she lay ill, that young man used to walk eleven miles into Walsall to ask how she was. 'Tell Sister *her* arm pulled the bell,' he used to say, and then turn and tramp back again."

Her hospital life was very regular. The day began at half-past six in the morning; then she entered the wards, made the patients' beds, and gave them their breakfasts, all the time giving smiles and pleasant words. She bestowed nicknames, too—Burnty, Darkey, and so on. Rough, rude fellows constantly came in, and nobody had ever seen such a woman as this before—so beautiful, so good, so tender-hearted, so strong, and so gentle, so full of fun and humor, and of sympathy for broken hearts, as well as for every other kind of fracture, and the best friend that many of these poor maimed men had ever known. After her own breakfast she read prayers on the staircase lobby, so that in all the wards her voice could be heard. Then came the doctors' rounds, and at twelve the patients' dinner, which she always carved herself, remembering their individual fancies, and dividing amongst them equally any little delicacy sent for her own use. At two o'clock the out-patients, from sixty to a hundred, trooped in; all their faces brightened as Sister approached. She knew most, and cared for all of them. The lesser operations and the dressings were left to her care. Next came the patients' tea hour. They loved her to give it to them, and sometimes would wait long rather than have it from other hands. At six the nurses sat down to their own meal, but very often Sister Dora was hardly seated before a knock or bell summoned her away. 'There is no peace for the wicked,' she would say, as she, smiling, rose to go.

The most striking feature of hospital life under Sister Dora was its pleasantness. She would come into the wards and tell merry tales about the days' experiences in the town or amongst the out-patients, and bring in scraps of news. 'She makes you laugh,' said a big Irishman—'yes, if you were dying.' She invented games, and would play them too. Blessed with a quick sense of the ridiculous, she drew amusement from everything, and yet was so straightforward and shrewd that there was no deceiving her. 'Ah my poor fellow,' she would say to one, 'I am so sorry! I wish I could bear it for you.' 'Now, don't make such a fuss,' to another; 'tea will cure *you*.' She said she felt the tone of her wards her responsibility. She got the patients to help each other, to show mutual kindnesses.

'Stop that!' she said curtly when she heard a man swear.

'I must say something when the pain 's so bad, Sister.'

'Then say poker and tongs; nothing else, remember!'

Infidels were brought in, and woke in the still night to hear Sister praying in low, fervent words by their bedsides for their salvation; or living His teaching before them day by day till perforce they too believed in Christ the Lord. They saw her lifting loathsome objects which others dare not touch, and carrying, in that marvellous strength of hers, the dead away alone to the mortuary, lest they should remain an unnecessary moment with the living. They saw her bearing loads of coal up and down the narrow stairs, and doing the most menial offices to spare other and weaker women, and yet always with that bright face and lady's manner which not the roughest there dare take a liberty with; so they not only loved, but reverenced her also. One of her rough patients, as he told the story of what she had done for himself, rose each time he spoke the name of "Sister Dora," and pulled his forelock in an awkward bow. And well they might so venerate her, for not only in the hospital was she an angel of mercy, but in every low alley and back slum of the place had she gone on her divine mission of love.

When the first smallpox epidemic broke out, she spared every possible moment from her work and her rest (which was always short enough) to visit infected streets. One night she entered a house where a man was dying of black pox in its worst form; the last morsel of candle burnt away as she sat by him, for all had left him to die alone; as it did so the man, with an expiring effort, raised himself and said "Sister, kiss me before I die." She took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, in her

arms and kissed him, the candle going out as she did so, leaving them in total darkness. She sat on there until the morning broke and she was sure, by its uncertain light, that he was dead. This was in the early days of her Walsall life, while still remorse for her conduct to her father made her care little how she lost her life; and it is singular that when she had passed through deeper trial still, one which again had made life valueless to her, the smallpox in a more awful visitation should sweep over the place, and that again, though singularly liable to infection, she should pass unscathed through it.

Her life for years had been very lonely, and now she became acquainted with a gentleman to whom in every way she could look up; save in one particular only he was her superior. He loved her, and she returned his love with the entireness and intensity such a nature alone is capable of. The complete life her heart hungered for was within her grasp, and she eagerly seized it, and for a short time was unutterably happy. Then a true friend pointed out to her that the man she so loved was not a believer in Christ. The struggle was fierce though silent. At length she gave him up, and all her human love and hope also. She spoke to no one, told no one what she suffered, but went about her usual work in her usual manner. One night, however, she suddenly fainted away Soon after, in 1875, the smallpox for the third time made its appearance. So fearful had been the former visitation that the corporation had erected an Epidemic Hospital, and it was now opened; but uselessly—no patients would avail themselves of its shelter.

'They would far rather die at home; they were not afraid; why could they not be left alone?' and so on. Many cases were deliberately concealed. In this strait Sister Dora came to the front; she offered to leave her Cottage Hospital in the charge of two lady pupils, and herself go alone and nurse at the Epidemic one. She knew the attraction of her own name; was it in the power of human nature not to be proud of such influence? Her one great fault was a jealousy of any others doing her work as well as herself or in any degree taking her place. She never attained the highest Christian grace (humility)—that is to say in her work, and she was too true to pretend an abdication she did not feel. The only selfishness she showed was in that she could not bear to qualify others to supersede herself; therefore her hospital was not so efficiently managed as it might have been during her absence.

No sooner was it known that "Sister" was at the Epidemic Hospital, than patients flocked in. She had no one to assist her save a drunken porter and a couple of old women; sometimes, indeed, she was all alone. On one of these occasions a great collier in his delirium jumped out of bed and tried to make his escape; she struggled with him, forced him back, and held him down until morning.

Alone, she cleaned, and cooked, and nursed. She slept with two babies covered with the horrible disease, in her arms. She did more even, for in her ambulance omnibus she drove to houses where she heard cases were, went in with 'I've come for So-and-so,' and carried the person out in her arms and drove off with them, 'her jolly face smiling all the way.' Again and yet again, when the disease seemed subdued, it broke out afresh, and the newly-cleaned wards were put to their former use. She lived in its atmosphere. 'My tea,' she wrote, 'tastes of pox.' The only visitors she saw were the doctor and the secretary of the Cottage Hospital, who loved her well enough to risk death for her, and who constantly brought her books, flowers, fruit, etc.; and a man called Chell, one of her old patients, was also a constant visit r. First she had cured a dislocated ankle of his, and then nursed him through a severe amputation. He says he remembers nothing about the operation except that Sister Dora was there, and that 'When I came to after the chloroform, she was on her knees by my side, with her arm supporting my head, and she was repeating

"They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train."

And all through the pain and trouble that I had afterwards, I never forgot Sister's voice saying those words.' This man never wearied of serving her. At length, after six long months, the

smallpox was conquered, and Sister Dora returned to her Cottage Hospital. She had done wonders, but even she could never have passed successfully through such a time had not the Son of God been her support. Indeed, all through God was her strength and refuge. For years, when the bell which hung above her bed rang suddenly in the night, she would say as she sprung up, 'The Master is come and calleth for thee'; and from the Small-pox Hospital she wrote that she wanted sadly to come to the Holy Communion and to Mr. Twigg's evening service; "it would freshen up soul and body; but of course if the Master comes and calls for me, and sends us in more cases, I cannot come." Her next service was a frightful accident which happened also in 1875. Eleven men were scalded by molten metal, and ten were brought into the hospital "like charred logs."

'Sister, come and dress me. Do dress me!' rang out on all sides.

'O my poor men! I'll dress you all, if you'll only give me time.'

Distracted by their passionate cries she gave them brandy, and did the best she could; but it was awful work. One noble fellow who died that night, however, said:

'Sister Dora, I want to be dressed, very bad, but if there's any wants you worse, go and do them first.'

The sight was such, and the smell so horrible, that those who came to help her went away sick and faint immediately. Two only, in spite of all her tender care, survived, and one of these was ill for twelve months.

But all cases were not sad; some caused smiles: one man came with a dog's bite plastered with hairs, evidently believing "in a hair of the dog that bit him." One day the doctor tells how he and Sister Dora were quietly talking together at a window,

when suddenly she rushed out of doors and boxed a passing little boy's ears well, who had mischievously pushed an urchin's head through some railings near. So much of a woman that she feared a little dog; so much of a heroine that she at midnight visited the worst neighborhoods where policemen dared not venture, entered dens where she was greeted with curses, where she knelt in prayer with the inmates, and then led them to a mission midnight service.

Suddenly, just as the walls of the new hospital were rising, which had been rendered necessary by her work, in the midst of active occupation, with exuberant life in her veins, most successful and beloved, she was told that she must die! Cancer had made its appearance, and surely and certainly Death had laid his hand upon her.

'Sister Dora was as like the Lord Jesus Christ as any human creature,' had been the testimony to her outside life; but now the power of Christ *in* her—a power the outcome of long years of constant communion with Him—shone forth. So close had that intercourse been that she never dressed a wound without lifting up her heart in prayer to Him, and that she received each patient as a charge from Him. The very building she lived in was to her "a Maison Dieu." The *secret* of her great life lay in this constant prayer, as her *support* had been found in the well-worn Bible she always carried in her pocket.

She knew well the awful fiery furnace through which she must now pass to her rest, but her one thought was not for herself, but for a fuller dedication—"More work and better; the night was coming." She permitted no one to know her condition; and in this one point we think her loving biographer has hardly done Sister Dora justice—in implying that the horror she felt of any one, even her near relations, becoming aware of her disease, arose from pride, or the self-reliance which she carried to a fault. Rather, we think, it was that in cancer this dread is frequently a part of the complaint, and can no more be controlled than weeping can in paralysis.

Sister Dora still entertained her old patients brightly, and drove, in the pony carriage they had given her, during the night to outlying villages, visiting the sick. And then, as the new building was not ready, and the old hospital had to be pulled down, she took her holiday in studying the new surgical appliances in the Paris Exhibition, and in watching eagerly Mr. Lister operate. But her twelve months' hidden secret now spoke out in a bad cough and uncontrollable anguish, and knowing that an examination of her chest would reveal all, she hurried back to Walsall.

'Let me die among my own people,' she begged, and from a little house there she wrote: "There is only Mount Calvary to climb by the ladder of sickness. I can join in the words of our beautiful Prayer Book, 'Render unto Him humble thanks for His Fatherly visitation.' Do pray, dear brother, that, as my pain increases, so may my faith and patience. I have not had two hours' sleep for four days and nights, but in the midst of the fiery furnace there was a form like unto the Son of God." Her poor people could not believe that she was dying.

'Her'll get well; her never *can* be going to die.'

But she was to die, and in agony, too; yet could she say 'I have so longed to go home, I am so happy; I have not a care, all is sunshine. God has taken away the fear of death, and all sorrow at parting with life.' Her dying-room was filled indeed with brightness; her smiles and jokes were constant. She named her poor swollen arm "Sir Roger"; but as the weary weeks went by, a bitter struggle went on in her own soul, for the old doubts upreared themselves.

'I sadly fear I shall be lost. I can only trust,' she cried. She had a crucifix fastened to her bedroom wall, and her eyes constantly turned to this reminder of His sufferings to Whom alone she clung in these deep waters.

The new hospital was opened, as she lay thus, amidst tears, in "Sister Dora's name, on the 4th of November, and yet the battle went on. '"He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life," that is just what I want,' she said, as at length victory drew near.

Thinking of others to the last, her Christmas presents to her poor friends

were arranged by her own hands. At length the end came.

On December 24th, 1878, after two days of dying horror and agony, she suddenly said 'I am dying, run for Sister Ellen.'

Her old servant replied 'Our Blessed Lord is standing at the gates of heaven to open them for you.'

But she no longer needed such consolation, all her darkness was gone, and she answered 'I see Him there; the gates are wide open.'

When all human efforts for her relief had been exhausted, she said, as they stood watching her, 'I have lived alone, let me die alone—let me die alone.'

And so in the silence of an empty chamber, tenantless of human friends, but doubtless crowded by invisible ones, Sister Dora died to earth, and lived to God.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

. . . . .

Not only the great of the land, but sorrowing thousands of the poor who loved her, followed Sister Dora to her humble grave. And one of their tributes of affection is to be a statue of the beautiful and noble woman who lived Christlike amongst them for fifteen years. When asked why, if she were so well remembered, a statue need be erected to her there, one working man spoke out the mingled love and pride of the rest when he replied,

'Why, nobody knows better than I do that we sha'n't forget her; no danger of that; but I want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place, and see her standing up, they shall ask us "Who's that?" And then we shall say "Who's that? Why, that's our Sister Dora."'

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart. —*Dr. Johnson.*

I think the influence of one pure, good man is more powerful than that of a hundred impure; and that a whole Nineveh of corrupt persons might be in some measure redeemed from hopeless debasement by the presence of such a man.—*John Grey's Life.*

BIBLE CONCORDANCES.

The history of Biblical concordances may interest some of our readers. The introduction to Dr. Eadie's edition of Cruden gives the following information, collected chiefly from Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica:

The first Concordance of the New Testament was by Thomas Gybson. He represents it as "most necessary to be had in the handes of all suche as desire the communicacion of any place contayned in the New Testament." (Lond. 1535. 8vo.)

John Marbeck, organist of Windsor College, in the reign of Henry VIII., prepared the first English Concordance of the Bible, 1550, folio, and entituled it 'A Concordance, that is to saie, a work wherein by the ordre of the letters A B C, ye maie reddly find any worde conteigned in the whole Bible, so often as it is there expressed or mencioned."

Robert F. Herrey was the author of "Two right profitable and fruitful Concordances, or large and ample tables Alphabeticall, and will serue as well for the translation of the Bible called Geneua, as for the other authorized to be read in churches." (Lond. 1578. 4to. Frequently printed.)

Christopher Barker published "A Concordance, or Table, containing the principal wordes and matters which are comprehended in the New Testament. By J. W." (Lond. 1579. 8vo.)

It is needless to be particular about the Concordances of Thos. Wilson, a Puritan divine; Francis Lucas, John Downame, Samuel Newman, Robert Wickens, Vavasor Powell—the titles of which are given by Watt, with their size and date of publication. Some other Concordances were published which Watt does not appear to take notice of—such as Mr. Cotton's, the Cambridge Concordance, Mr. Jackson's, and Mr. Samuel Clarke's.

In 1736, Alexander Cruden published his Complete Concordance to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament (Lond. and Edin. 1736. 4to). Other Concordances published since that time, such as Taylor's, Bellamy's, Butterworth's, Brown's, Baxter's, etc., have been mostly abbreviations of Cruden's valuable work, to make it more portable and extend its usefulness.

Editor's Portfolio.

One of the most prevalent misconceptions in the popular mind is with regard to genius. It seems impossible to eradicate the impression that those who have become great or famous in any department have done so by the mere force of natural genius; while in truth the greatest success has ever been the crown of the hardest work. True, all persons have not the same natural powers or tastes. There is as much difference in the intellectual as there is in the physical capacities of individuals. There are healthy minds, strong, robust, and capable of great endurance; and these have greater capacity for success than the feeble and sickly. Persons are no doubt born also with diversities of taste—some for art, some for poetry, some for research, some for mechanics, etc. But strong minds and natural taste alone never made a poet or a philosopher. These two may have indicated the line in which work should be directed. They may make work pleasant in that direction. But the success will be according to the amount of hard labor.

We do not mean disagreeable or repulsive labor, for here is probably one great cause of the mistake of which we have been speaking. Some seem to think that that cannot be work which is not irksome. (Just as some persons think nothing deserves the name of duty which has not some touch of the repulsive. Whereas an ideal state of perfection would be one where every act of piety, every obedience, and every assigned task would be a pleasure.) But the fact probably is with the Newtons and Bacons and the Miltons, that with healthy intellects and inborn tastes in certain directions their minds naturally turned to the respective channels in which they were afterwards to become famous; and in youth their thoughts in otherwise unoccupied hours, instead of running to waste, found gratification in laboring and learning in their respective spheres. One was constantly measuring angles and tracing their relations and proportions; another framing to himself questions and problems, and finding pleasure in applying them to whatever he read; the third delighting in the creations of the imagination, and trying to clothe them with language. Besides being the direct objects of study in the tasks assigned, they were the channels in which their ideas loved to flow. These were the themes of their reveries. Their minds were constantly at work upon them. That work may have been pleasure indeed, but it was nevertheless work, implying exertion. Then, when came the years of student or professional life, their success was surprising, and seeing the facility with which it was achieved, men said there is genius. True, it was genius, but a genius that achieved its triumphs by incessant and laborious, though it may have been pleasant toil.

The views here expressed are confirmed in the opening passages of an essay on story-telling, by Mr. James Payn, in the *Nineteenth Century*, and republished in *Appleton's Journal* for September:

> The most popular of English authors has given us an account of what within his experience (and it was a large one) was the impression among the public at large of the manner in which his work was done. They pictured him, he says, "as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime; who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve, and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half hour after breakfast. It would

amaze their incredulity beyond all measure to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion, to produce what they read in seconds, enter into such a career; . . . correction and recorrection in the blotted manuscript; consideration; new observations; the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose; and the patient separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it—these would be unicorns and griffins to them—fables altogether." And as it was, a quarter of a century ago, when those words were written, so it is now: the phrase of "light literature" as applied to fiction having once been invented, has stuck with a vengeance to those who profess it. Yet to "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" is not (though it may seem to be the same thing) so easy as lying.

Reading recently the biography of an eminently pious woman, we found her strongly objecting to Christmas decorations in churches. The argument is that "when we, who naturally love all that is beautiful, enter a church beautifully decorated, the temptation to wandering eyes and thoughts is just in proportion to the exquisiteness and elaborateness of the decorations." Of course this argument is worthless unless it applies to decorations of all kinds, whether Easter flowers, gilding and color, or architectural adornments. Of any and all these it may be said, with just as much force as of the decorations at Christmas, that they distract the attention of the worshipper. This appears from the additional remark:

The dilemma for the decorators is, Do they wish their work to be looked at, or do they not? If not, why put it where it must attract the eye? But if they do, let them remember that the mind cannot be equally occupied with two things at the same time; and that the moments spent in admiring gaze on their graceful work cannot be spent in adoring gaze on the Lord of Christmas, the Altogether Lovely One.

Let us examine this for one moment. We must have churches or places of worship. They must either be beautiful or not. This argument would apply against all beauty of structure whatever, "for the temptation to wandering thoughts and eyes is just in proportion to the exquisiteness and elaborateness of decoration." Now with this thought in mind read in Exodus the description of the adornments of the tabernacle in the wilderness, all of which was beautiful, and every particular directed by Him who said "Beautify My sanctuary." Read also the account of the construction of Solomon's temple, whose beauty in its richness and elaboration exceeded that of any structure of modern times; and yet it was accepted as the place which God would condescend to hallow with His presence. Surely these facts refute the reasoning of the eminently pious lady whose words we have quoted.

But besides the fact that the best and richest things belong to God, and He accepts the offering of them to Himself, there is an argument in favor of Church decoration to be found in the congruity and fitness of things. If our attention is to be distracted by looking upon anything in church, it would be better to go there blindfolded. But this would be absurd. Inasmuch then as we must see, what more reasonable than that our eyes should fall upon what is in keeping with the place and the occasion? This is what sacred art in all its branches has in all ages endeavored to provide.

But there come special occasions of festive joy. It would but be in keeping then to have special decorations—flowers, or "the fir-tree and the pine-

tree and the box together to beautify the sanctuary" of the Lord; so that when, with mind and heart full of the joyous occasion, one enters the house of God, everything is in harmony with his thoughts, the wreathed and fragrant evergreens being but expressions of the glad emotions. Even in the early days of the Church, as Bingham in his Antiquities informs us, it was customary, not only on high festivals, but on ordinary occasions, to adorn churches in this manner. He says:

St. Austin takes notice of the custom, speaking of one who carried away with him some flowers from off the altar. And Paulinus in his poetical way refers to it likewise. But St. Jerome does it the greatest honor to give it a place in his panegyric upon his friend Nepotian, making it a part of his commendable character, that he took care to have everything neat and clean about the church, the altar bright, the walls whited, the pavement swept, the gates veiled, the vestry clean, and the vessels shining; and so far did his pious solicitude about these matters extend, that he made flowers and leaves, and branches of trees, contribute to the beauty and ornament of the churches. These were but small things in themselves, St. Jerome says; but a pious mind devoted to Christ is intent upon things great and small, and neglects nothing that may deserve the name of the very meanest office in the Church.

The story of a life like that of Sister Dora ought before this time to have been familiar to all who take an interest in passing events in the Church, and who admire, and bless God for, illustrations in practical life of the power of the Divine grace, and its blessed fruits. But to our surprise we find that comparatively few have read it, though it has been published in cheap form, and has even been reproduced in some of our Church papers. At the risk, therefore, of being thought behind the times, we publish an excellent abridgment of her biography, sincerely hoping that all will read it who have not already done so.

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It is the practice of the French Academy triennially to distribute rewards for virtue. The bestowal of the rewards was this year committed to M. Sardou, who, in an address upon the occasion, administered a severe and most just rebuke to the modern psychologists:

Virtue! The nineteenth century scarcely practices it, and does not extol it at all. Its philanthropy takes a different pass. It is no longer the virtuous who interest us, but the criminal. A new philosophy, claiming to be based on science, sees in man nothing but a combination of matter, and declares that his morality depends only on the perfect equilibrium of his organs; and this doctrine having many partisans among medical men, it is not surprising if it sees in humanity only patients. The theory is very precise. Every malefactor is an ill-balanced being; his bad instincts are the effects of a morbid and often hereditary state, which circumstances aggravated and for which he is scarcely responsible. Thenceforth he deserves not so much anger as pity. He must be pitied; if possible, cured; above all, placed in an inability of doing ill; but it is not allowable to hate him, and it will soon be forbidden even to chastise him. An invalid is not punished. . . . It might be all very well if these dangerous theories only led us to misplaced pity, but they have graver consequences. From indulgence for crime they make us slide into ingratitude for virtue. The habit of contemplating the most detestable actions without horror, leads us to witness the most generous ones without enthusiasm. The philosophy I speak of conducts us logically thither. If the criminal is not very blamable for yielding to his instinctive leaning to evil, the beneficent man has no great merit in following his natural enthusiasm for good; and if he has no great merit, no great gratitude is owed him. Let us go further; let us press to its extreme this medical philosophy, which shrinks

from no conclusion of its strange principles. It will give you to understand that in these admirable devotions, these sublime sacrifices, which you are about to crown, there is a little fanaticism. For, after all, it tells you, it is not quite rational to sacrifice for your neighbor the most precious things you have — fortune, health, and life. Is there not in this something extremely abnormal — in short, a mania, the mania of self-sacrifice, the mania of giving up everything, just as others have that of taking everything? Why reward these people? It is their happiness: they are quite enough rewarded, and we need do nothing further.

M. Sardou then drew a picture of virtue pursuing its path indifferent to these discussions, and announced a bequest of 200,000f. by the Duchess d'Otrante for triennial prizes for good actions. He went on to describe the deeds of the recipients of the prizes, 2,000f. being awarded to a woman in humble life for adopting deserted children; to an Avignon artisan, for forty years' devotion in saving lives from fire; to a peasant, for preserving from drowning; to a widow, for fifty years' services to the sick and needy. He concluded by citing the remark which he heard from a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, when, thirty years ago, as a medical student, he witnessed an application of chloroform, which called forth the jubilation of the spectators at the prospect of pain being abolished. Said she, with a sigh of regret, "When all the world is happy, what will become of charity?"

The clergy, as every one knows, sometimes have amusing experiences. A young clergyman, who as missionary at two stations, was one Sunday in Winter riding from one to the other, overtook a foot-passenger, whom he invited to ride, and with whom he entered into conversation, leaving him at a small dwelling-house on the way. Returning later in the day, he encountered the same wayfarer, whom he again invited to ride. The stranger had in the meantime been informed who the missionary was, and thinking, perhaps, that he was open to a lecture for going a-visiting on Sunday, when he should have been at church, he endeavored to anticipate anything of the kind by saying that though he had been visiting on Sunday, he and his friends had been examining the Scriptures. The clergyman expressed his approbation.

'We got into quite a discussion there,' said the man. 'The question was whether Noah built the ark on the mountain or on the plain.'

'Which side did you take?' asked the parson.

'Why, I argued that it was built on the plain.'

'Why so?'

'Because, you see, if it wasn't, how could they haul the timber up there?'

'Possibly it grew there,' said the clergyman.

'Well, I never thought of that,' replied the man, a little nonplused.

'I do not see,' resumed the clergyman, 'how you could have supposed it necessary to go to the plain for the wood and carry it up the mountain.'

'Nor I,' said the other.

'Possibly, as it says that the ark was made of gopher wood, you might have thought they had to "go for" it.'

Thinking for a moment, and nodding his head, the man replied,

'Well, I think that must have been it!'

CHURCH NEWS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A new church is in process of erection at Lynn. Its walls are to receive a stone from the walls of St. Margaret's church, King's Lynn, England, which was erected A. D. 1108. The stone bears the inscription "From St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn, England, to St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.

CONNECTICUT.—July 29, in St. John's church, Waterbury, the Rev. R. R. M. N. Converse, deacon, was ordained priest.——The cornerstone of a parish

building to be connected with St. Andrew's church, Stamford, was laid by the Bishop on Wednesday, Aug. 18th.

ALBANY.—The Rev. Frank N. Norton, now in Europe, has resigned St. John's church, Troy, and accepted St. John's church, Washington, D. C.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—A very fine church, which with its appendages will cost $200,000, is in process of construction at Lebanon.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—The cornerstone of All Saints' chapel, Kidder's Ferry, was laid by the Rev. W. T. Gibson, D.D., on the 17th of August. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ayrault and the Hon. W. H. Bogart. There was present a large number of the clergy and laity, among the latter being his excellency Governor Cornell.

NEW JERSEY.—The House of the Good Shepherd, Asbury Park, was dedicated on Thursday, Aug. 5th.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The new church of St. Chrysostom, Philadelphia, was opened for divine service on Sunday, Aug. 1st.

MARYLAND.—On Sunday, July 18th, in St. Peter's church, Poolesville, ten persons were confirmed.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On Tuesday, July 20th, in Christ church, Raleigh, Bishop Lyman admitted Beverly W. Dougherty to deacon's orders. The candidate had been for nearly twenty-five years a Methodist minister.—"Grace Church in the Mountains," Waynesville, N. C., was consecrated July 29th.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—At a Convocation recently held at Rock Hill, a committee was appointed to take into consideration the subject of a diocesan newspaper.

MICHIGAN.—The late Leonard W. Sprage has left $15,000, one-sixth of which is for missions, and the balance to be expended in charities, church support, etc., in the parish of Zion church, Pontiac.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—In St. Paul's Memorial church, Grand Rapids, on the 15th of August, the Rev. Eugene J. Babcock, deacon, was ordained priest.

COLORADO.—On Sunday, August 8th, the Bishop ordained Mr. Sherwood Roosevelt deacon.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The secular papers have given full accounts of the disaster to the British arms in Afghanistan. At latest accounts General Roberts had gone to the relief of the troops at Kabul, and was preparing to attack Ayoob Khan.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, having for several weeks enjoyed free converse with a number of French ecclesiastics, gives their views in regard to the present struggle. They admit that the Jesuits in their schools are training their pupils in principles in conflict with the republic, and that the young officers now in the military college, who were formerly under their influence, will, should a favorable opportunity present, draw their swords and lead their men to overthrow the existing *regime*. Such being the case, they admit that the Government, in abolishing their schools, is doing precisely what they would do in like circumstances. "But," say they—and this surely ought not to be lost upon Americans—"we claim freedom for ourselves in every country which professes to base its government and institutions upon political and religious freedom, while our own principles forbid us to allow such freedom to others, wherever we may have power to carry out our principles into practice."

GERMANY.—The great event of the season is the completion of the Cologne Cathedral, the finest in the world. Its foundation was laid about A. D. 1250. The last stone was placed in the finial of the west tower, August 14, 1880. The building is cruciform, 480 feet long by 282 wide. Tne height of the central aisle is 154 feet. The heaviest of the six bells in the towers weighs eleven tons.

Editor's Book Table.

THE GOSPEL MIRACLES IN THEIR RELATION TO CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle church, New York. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway, cor. 20th street.

This volume consists of seven lectures, delivered at Princeton Theological Seminary, "on the L. P. Stone Foundation," and "inscribed" to the members of the Faculty of said seminary. We have been very much interested in its perusal. It exhibits an amount of reasoning power and a capacity for abstract thought, for which the popular character of the author's previous books had scarcely prepared us. And yet this book is popular, or at least perspicuous, also. Any one who is capable of taking a thoughtful interest in the subject, can understand this treatment of it. The style is less abstruse than that of Mansel or Mozley, while at the same time the author has availed himself of the late thorough discussion of his subject by them and by other profound thinkers. Dr. Taylor pays a compliment at once to Bishop Butler, to Canon Mozley, and (we think) to his own good judgment, when he calls Dr. Mozley's "Essay on Evolution by Natural Selection," "the most Butlerian piece of reasoning which the present century has produced."

To notice some few points of our author's argument. A miracle is not a violation of the laws of nature. A miracle causes a temporary alteration of the *course* of nature. Human intervention also changes the course of nature. Divine intervention produces changes in the course of nature which mere human intervention could not produce. But in both cases the old laws remain in force along with the new influence, and even furnish the substratum on which the new influence exerts itself. When Christ walked on the water, the properties of water and of Christ's human frame all remained in action, but a new additional force produced an unusual result.

Dr. Taylor makes a very thorough review of Hume's famous argument that no testimony can establish that which is contrary to universal experience. To assume that experience against miracles is absolutely uniform, is simply to beg the question. And to *prove* that there is an absolutely uniform experience against miracles, is impossible. There is nothing in Hume's reasoning to show that miracles are not possible. And anything which is in itself possible, can be established by sufficient testimony. Hume is right so far, that a miracle is under ordinary circumstances improbable. That which constitutes its improbability, namely, its difference from the ordinary ongoings of nature, is that which gives it its power of calling attention to, and evidencing, a Divine commission, and makes it available for the Divine purposes which a miracle subserves. And much of its antecedent improbability vanishes when the giving of a Divine revelation brings into play a Power sufficient to overrule nature, and furnishes a sufficient motive for the exertion of that superhuman power. It is a mere juggle of sophistry when Hume converts the improbable into that which cannot be proved. And it is unfair reasoning for him to leave out of sight the entire question of the circumstances under which the Scripture miracles occurred, and the Agent by whom they were performed. As our author says: "It is not by accident surely that all the three writers,

Hume, Renan, and Huxley, entirely ignore the agency of the Individual at whose word the miracles of the New Testament were performed."

Our author has a beautiful lecture on the character of Christ, as attesting the genuineness of His miracles, and being in perfect harmony with such wondrous and beneficent works. His final lecture, on "The spiritual significance of the miracles," though necessarily much condensed, is also very fine.

Dr. Taylor reviews the theories of Strauss and Renan. Christ was not the mere product of His age. Nero was the typical product of the first century after the Incarnation. Christ was not the embodiment of the expectations of the Jewish people. Barabbas and Barcochebas were such embodiments as that. The Gospel is not the gradual growth of legend. It was a skeptical, not a credulous age. It was an educated, historical period. The time was too short for the growth of a myth, from the year of the Crucifixion to that of the writing of the first Gospel. And the last Gospel written, that of St. John, contains fewer miracles (only eight, it is said) than any of the previous histories of Christ. The innumerable theories framed to account for the universally admitted facts of Christianity's history on the supposition that Christ wrought no miracles, are as unstable as they are manifold. Their witness no more sustains itself than it agrees together. The only hypothesis that will bear the weight of all the facts of the case, is the hypothesis of the truth of the history given in the Gospels, of the actual manifestation of a Being such as the New Testament describes. So, too, humanity's hope is not an illusion. We have present pardon and present grace, and the expectation of an everlasting salvation.

We can but mention our author's admirable treatment of the atheistic evolution theory—that theory which is forever endowing chance with the attributes of Deity, making it design and adapt and contrive and foresee and work for a future and a perfect consummation. With a theistic evolution, directed by a guiding mind, neither he nor we have any quarrel more than with the evolution by which the teakettle is sometimes said to have "produced" the steam-engine, or the evolution by which the log-canoe has been transformed into the East Indiaman.

There is one point we wish to touch. Scarcely any of the late writers on the Christian side have made as much as may be made of the continuous testimony of the Christian Church. In the conflict in which Deism was defeated in the eighteenth century by Leslie and others, this testimony of the Church was a strong argument, and it has not since lost any of its power. If our author, however, had entered into that line of thought, it might have given rise to some further questions. A ministerial commission needs to be attested by miracles. Our author faults Archbishop Trench as underrating their evidential power and worth. Dr. Taylor confessedly works no miracles. Can he then trace his ministerial descent from persons whose commission *was* thus attested? If not, his claim to be a commissioned minister of Christ is no better than would have been the claim of a Jew to priesthood who could not trace his genealogy to Aaron. This is the argument by which Joseph Wolff, after a long missionary career, was sent back to obtain a valid commission from a Bishop lineally descended from St. Paul and St. John. Then he knew that his commission was miraculous, supernatural, Divine.

A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, for the Use of Young Persons. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. Thirty-sixth thousand. With numerous illustrations. New York: T. Whittaker.

This little book, a small 8vo of 442 pages, will be found of great service for Bible class and Sunday-school teachers, and their more advanced pupils, in giving briefly the meaning of the terms and names peculiar to the Bible. Though of course not so full as larger works, yet it will answer very well the purpose of those who find such beyond their means, while its size renders its portable. Price 80 cents.

Antiquities of the Parish Church, Jamaica (including Newtown and Flushing). Illustrated from Letters of the Missionaries, and other Authentic Documents; with a Continuation of the History of Grace Church to the present time. By Henry Onderdonk, Jr., Jamaica. New York: Charles Welling.

It is impossible, by any mere book notice, to do justice to the painstaking and faithful labor involved in the compilation of this volume. Too many records are lost to give an unbroken history. The author has accordingly made extracts from such documents as were accessible, bringing them together in such manner as to make them a highly interesting narrative of early struggles, hardships, persecutions, idomitable courage and faith, down to our own days of the Church's peace. On its pages are found names which are creditably borne by descendants to-day; sketches of the life and good deeds of some whose names are now on the walls of Grace church, or in the graveyard surrounding it. Among the illustrations are views of the old stone church erected in 1699; St. George's, Hempstead, the present church edifice in Jamaica, and its quaint predecessor, erected in 1734. There are also portraits of Bishops Seabury, Provost, Moore, and Hobart; of Thomas Poyer, Gilbert H. Sayres, Dr. W. L. Johnson, rectors; and of Rufus King, John A. King, and Lewis E. A. Eigenbrodt. The whole makes a handsome volume of 162 pages. The compliment in the preface which the author pays to the printer and publisher, is well deserved: "Mr. Welling, the enterprising publisher, has spared no expense in getting up the book in a style worthy of the subject."

A New and Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures, on the Basis of Cruden. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. David King, LL.D. Forty-fifth edition. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price $1.

The problem in the construction of a concordance is how to make it approximately "complete" without being inconveniently cumbersome, and at the same time small enough for convenience without being defective. Cruden's, though by no means the first concordance, is probably the earliest of those now in use. Its author endeavored to make his work satisfy the two conditions just named by harmless abbreviation; not merely contracting words, but giving but one or two words in each passage. Take, for example, John xxi. 13: "Jesus then cometh and taketh bread and giveth them, and fish likewise." A perfect concordance would enable a person to find that passage by looking for any one word in it. But such a book would be so large as to be useless. But to make the work available, that passage is referred to by only three of the words which compose it. Dr. Eadie conceived the idea of still further condensing on Cruden's plan, and by omitting references to the Apocrypha, and definitions, which properly belong to a dictionary, he

has produced a work which has all the remaining excellences of Cruden, and yet is conveniently portable. It is an 8vo of 576 pages, of clear type, and good paper.

MEMORIALS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. By her Sister, M. V. G. H. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The name of the subject of this memoir is widely known among the lovers of sacred verse. Those who have read and admired the songs of this sweet minstrel, can hardly fail to feel a desire to know the story of her life. It is well written, and full justice is done to her lovely character, by her sister. Frances Ridley Havergal was not merely a poet, but a practical working Christian, faithful to her home duties, and active in instructing the ignorant, and in deeds of kindness to the poor, and by her published volumes aiding others who work in the same department. Her letters are not the least interesting part of the volume. With some of Miss Havergal's sentiments many good persons equalling her in piety, will not agree. But they will none the less value this witness to the power of the Divine grace, and bless God for the good examples of all those who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors.

Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co., the enterprising and widely known advertising house, have issued in a volume of 1,044 pages, a complete *American Newspaper Directory*, containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories and the Dominion of Canada, together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. For those who find it desirable to advertise in papers at a distance, the book is simply indispensable. A glance will show where newspapers are to be found, the population of the places in which they are printed, and their circulation.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, presents an inviting catalogue of publications. Besides the usual supply of standard and miscellaneous works, there is an attractive feature for Sunday-schools and for the general reading of the young. There is a fifty-volume library of select books, the catalogue price of which is $38.40, but which is offered for $20. There is also a forty-volume library, none of the books being contained in the fifty-volume selection. This is put up in a neat wooden case at $18.50, the retail price being $32.75.

We are glad to receive a copy of *The Growing World.* This little monthly, published by John R. Coryell, 113 Fulton street, New York, is devoted to natural history, and the number before us contains many articles of value and interest, and will be found profitable and agreeable reading for both young and old.

The *Scribner* for September opens with the second instalment of 'About England with Dickens.' Mr. Pickwick and Nicholas Nickelby is the name of the present chapter. An illustrated account, with charts, etc., etc., of the collision of the U. S. steamship *Oneida* with the British merchantman *Bombay*—which it will be remembered took place in the bay of Yokohama in 1870—is by Lieut. T. A. Lyons, U. S. N. The article is remarkably well written, and said to be 'the first correct and popular history of the disaster.' The first chapters of the life of Juan Frangois Millett, peasant and painter, by Alfred Sensier, promise to be of great interest to every one, but more especially to artists. The book will be illustrated by *fac-similes* of his

most celebrated works. 'Eighteen Years Alone' is the title of a most interesting paper by Emma C. Hardacre —the life of an Indian woman who jumped from a ship to save her child, and lived a solitary life on one of the Santa Barbara islands. 'When Woods are Green' is a very pleasing chapter, by Alice Wellington Rollins, illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Swain Gifford. 'The Value of Vivisection' is an answer by H. C. Wood, M.D., to the question in the July *Scribner*. The poetry of this number is by Dora Read Goodale, Frances Louisa Bushnell, Emma Lazarus, and others. Another point in the September number is a paper by E. B. Washburne, late Minister to France, on 'Thomas Paine and the French Revolution,' containing, as it does, several documents hitherto unpublished, and adding a most interesting chapter in the history of the French Revolution. 'Over the Balkans with Gourko' is an account of General Gourko's campaign during the late Russo-Turkish war, from Plevna over the Balkans to Constantinople, by Lieutenant Francis V. Greene, U. S. A., who was sent abroad by the United States Government as military *attache* to the American Embassy at St. Petersburg, and as such accompanied the Russian army to study its maneuvers. Eugene Schuyler continues his great historical serial, 'Peter the Great.'

St. Nicholas for September opens with 'A Day Off Barnegat,' a few interesting geological facts on a thread of story, by Helen Campbell. 'A Day among the Welsh Castles' is entertainingly descriptive of Carnarvon and Conway, by Nettie B. Wilcox. Florence Wyman describes The Girls' Swimming Bath of New York; the six illustrations are by Miss Northam. 'The Fairport Nine' has chapters IX. and X.; Miss Alcott's 'Jack and Jill,' chapters XX., XXI., and XXII. Chapter XX. is a very sad one, but the other two are in the usual lively vein. 'The Naughtiest Day of My Life' is the name of a story by H. H. Of course the story is good, though the heroine is certainly very naughty indeed. Part II. will come in October. The present chapter has two beautiful illustrations by Robert Lewis. 'How Tom Cole Carried Out His Plan,' is a story by M. A. Hopkins, founded upon an incident in the life of the late Wm. M. Hunt the artist. There are three other short stories by Emma W. Demeritt, M. E. Edwards, and H. L. Satterlee and Matthew White, Jr. Four poems are by Geo. Bancroft Griffith, Caroline A. Mason, Eleanor Kirk, and L. W. Backus. 'The Sea Urchins' and 'Before and After' are two absurd pictures by R. F. Bunner; and 'A Quiet Chat' is a very cunning one, by H. McVickar. 'The Queen of the Sea' is a chapter on Venice, by H. G. Gray. For the boys particularly there is a talk about the 'Bicycle,' by Charles Barnard; and 'Small Boats, How to Rig and Sail Them,' by Charles L. Norton.

We turn the leaves of *Harper's* Magazine for September, and our eye is instantly arrested by the beauty of the pages on which are Mr. W. H. Gibson's exquisitely graceful grasses, dandelions, and columbines, illustrating the little poem 'Among the Grasses.' The portraits of the family of George III., and of those united with them by marriage, next catch our eye, and we read with interest of the domestic life of this royal household; of the beauty of one of the princesses, the humor of another, and the grace and sweetness of manner of a third, as told by their loyal friend Madame d'Arblay. The sketch is written by K. M. Rowland. Rebecca Harding Davis's 'By-Paths in the Mountains' is con-

cluded in this number. Mr. Conway takes us again to Touraine, and gives us, with the description of this earthly Paradise, some of the legends believed in by the peasants, and the Roman Catholic impostures at Lourdes and Salette. The Salette apparition of the Virgin was, it seems, pronounced a fraud by the Pope himself, but as the priests and the people of the locality had already set up the miracle as a part of the accredited machinery of the Church, the Vatican was induced to withdraw its condemnation. The paper is finely illustrated. We read of 'Squatter Life in New York,' and exclaim 'What will the indefatigable Mr. Rideing take up next?' The article has a great deal of local interest, as all Mr. Rideing's writings have. Most of the citizens of New York know of this same 'squatter life,' and have had their own thoughts and speculations about it; but probably no one ever thought of giving it additional interest by making a lively magazine article of it, till the idea entered the fertile brain of Mr. Rideing. 'The Red-horse Tavern,' the unpoetic but real name of Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn,' is the title of a descriptive article about the old tavern, its proprietors and guests, and the characteristics of its surroundings. 'Indian and Negro' is worth reading as a study and comparison of the characters of these two wards of the nation. Chapters of the two serials and two short stories, 'The American Graces,' a biographical sketch of the Misses Caton of Baltimore, and a short poem by Mrs. J. P. Morgan, completes the list till we come to the Editor's Drawer, Literary Record, etc.

The conclusion of that interesting and exciting story 'Edge Tools,' is the first paper in *Appletons'* for September. Whoever buys, builds, or furnishes a house, should read J. Beavington Atkinson's papers on the 'Influence of Art in Daily Life.' 'Sterne,' by Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Stoddard's poems, are excellent literary articles. We give our readers a good portion of W. Mattieu Williamson's paper on 'Aerial Exploration of the Arctic Regions.' The Hon. P. H. Morgan, once one of the judges of one of the courts in Egypt, has an instructive paper on the 'International Tribunals of Egypt.' We advise young writers, particularly those contemplating novel-writing, to read Mr. James Payn's essay on 'Story-Telling.' We have alluded to it elsewhere. Two biographies, recently published —that of Dr. Bushnell and that of Dr. Muhlenberg—are the subject of a discriminating article. We must take exception, however, to one point. The writer complains that Miss Ayres, in her biography of one whose life was lacking in incident, has gone too much into detail, leaving the impression that the narrative is too long drawn out. The principle of this criticism is just. It is the inexcusable fault of a majority of biographies, and would be so of this had it been the life of almost any person besides Dr. Muhlenberg. But it should be borne in mind that that good man was the educator of hundreds upon hundreds of boys who are now scattered over our country, and all of whom now living retain most tender recollections of their teacher; that there are scores of clergymen who are indebted to him for much of their learning and piety; that later in life he became widely and personally known to ministers and prominent laymen in every denomination, and that his work was of that peculiar character which was likely to create an interest in the minor details of his life. We do not think that any who knew Dr. Muhlenberg well, will regard this biography as too long

drawn out, whatever a stranger may think of it. 'The Story of Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Lazy Beppo, a Sketch,' 'Modern French Art,' and 'Tom Taylor,' with the usual Editor's Table, complete the contents of this, to us at least, unusually interesting number.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Use of Milk.—Dr. Crosby of the Bellevue Hospital pronounces milk an article of diet which all persons may use under nearly all conditions. There are those who say that they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc., but he declares that this is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains in a form easy of assimilation all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into a stomach already over-filled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. New milk, he does not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition.

Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime water. The addition of a little salt will often prevent the after-feeling of fullness and "wind in the stomach" which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat, and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach, if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effects. It is used in cases of fever which formerly it was thought to "feed," and when scalded it has a desirable effect in Summer complaints.

But it is an article of diet for people in health, and who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk should be most appreciated. For the midday lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety and excellent quality of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use, with milk. Bread (with berries in their season, or baked sweet apples), boiled with rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn, hominy, taken with a generous bowl of pure cold milk, makes the best possible light meal in warm weather for children, and for all adults who have not some positive physical idiosyncrasy that prevents them from digesting it. The men of firmest health and longest life are the men of regular and simple habits, and milk is a standard article in such a diet.

Winking Photographs.—The last new kink in photography surpasses the ingenuity of the man who invented the spirit photographs, and suggests how handy it would have been had that crafty person added this to his devices. A Frenchman takes one negative of a sitter with open eyes. Then he makes the sitter shut his eyes and remain in exactly the same position while another negative is taken. The two negatives are printed on the same paper, one on each side, exactly coinciding. When this double-faced picture is held in proper position before a lamp, and the lamp is rapidly moved, or caused to flicker, the curious effect is produced of long-continued winking. It is not claimed that a person looks more beautiful when he keeps winking, but it cannot be denied that it gives one a very interesting appearance.

The Useful Sunflower.—In Southwestern Russia, between the Baltic and the Black Seas, the sunflower is universally cultivated in fields, gardens, and borders, and every part of the plant is turned to practical account. A hundred pounds of the seeds yield forty pounds of oil, and the pressed residue forms a wholesome food for cattle, as also do the leaves and the green stalks, cut up small, all being eagerly eaten. The fresh flowers, when a little short of full bloom, furnish a dish for the table which bears favorable comparison with the artichoke. They contain a large quantity of honey, and so prove an attraction to bees. The seeds are a valuable food for poultry; ground into flour, pastry and cakes can be made from them; and boiled in alum and water, they yield a blue coloring matter. The carefully dried leaf is

used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting-paper, and the inner part of the stalk into a fine writing paper; the woody portions are consumed as fuel, and from the resulting ash valuable potash is obtained. Large plantations of them in swampy places are a protection against intermittent fever.—*Harper's Young People.*

Animals and Time.—It seems evident that some animals at least know when Sunday comes. A friend of mine has a dog that always runs with the wagon. On week days the wagon turns to the right from the gate, and goes down to the factory. On Sunday it turns to the left, and goes to church. The dog runs ahead; on Sunday he turns to the left, and no intimation is given. Six days the sagacious animal runs on in advance to the factory. Even the horse understands the day as well as the way to church. No one that has passed a week day in Venice will have failed to see the pigeons fed at the hour of noon. More than one hundred of these little birds have come at noon for their food. They never mistake the hour. They never come at ten or eleven. When the bell of St. Mark's begins to clang out the hour of noon, not a bird can be seen; before the bell ceases the air will be black, and doves by the hundred fly to the windows. On Sunday no grain is given. The old bell jars out twelve o'clock, but no birds appear. They can count—they know when Sunday comes.

Electrical Insects.—It is not generally known that there are insects which possess the peculiar electrical properties of the Raia Torpedo and Gymnotus Electricus. Kirby and Spence, in their entomology, describes the *Reduvius Serratus*, commonly known in the West Indies by the name of the *wheel bug*, as an insect which can communicate an electric shock to the person whose flesh it touches. The late Major-General Davis of the Royal Artillery, well known as a most accurate observer of nature, and an indefatigable collector of her treasures, as well as a most admirable painter of them, once informed me that when abroad, having taken up this animal and placed it on his hand, it gave him a considerable shock with its legs, as if from an electric jar, which he felt as high as his shoulder, and dropping the creature, he observed six marks upon his hand where the six feet had stood. Two similar instances of effects upon the human system resembling electric shocks produced by insects, have been communicated to the Entomological Society by Mr. Yarrell; one mentioned in a letter from Lady de Grey of Groby, in which the shock was caused by a beetle, one of the common *Elateridae*, and extended from the hand to the elbow on suddenly touching the insect; the other caused by a large hairy lepidopterous caterpillar, picked up in South America by Captain Blakeney, R. N., who felt on touching it a sensation extending up his arm, similar to an electric shock, of such force that he lost the use of his arm for a time, and his life was even considered in danger by his medical attendant.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Lioness and Rats.—Large carnivores, when in health, have no objection to the presence of rats in their cages. On the contrary, they rather welcome them as a relief to the monotony of existence, which constitutes the chief trial of a wild animal in confinement. Thus it is a common sight to see half a dozen rats gnawing the bones off which the lions have dined, while the satisfied carnivores look on contentedly, giving the poor rats an occasional wink with their sleepy eyes. In illness the case is different, for the ungrateful rats begin to nibble the toes of the lord of the forest before his death, and add considerably to his discomfort. To save our lioness from this annoyance, we placed in her cage a fine little rat tan-terrier, who was at first received with a surly growl, but when the first rat appeared, and the lioness saw the little terrier toss him in the air, catching him with professional skill across the loins with a snap as he came down, she began to understand what the terrier was for; she coaxed him to her side, folded her paw around him, and each night the little terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, enfolded with her paws, and watching that his natural enemies did not disturb the natural rest of his mistress. The rats had a bad time during those six weeks.—*Report of Dublin Zoological Garden.*

HOLY DAYS IN SEPTEMBER.

St. Matthew the Apostle.
Sept. 21.

St. Matthew, also called Levi the son of Alpheus, was a Jew, and was no doubt born in Galilee. His occupation in life was that of a publican or tax-gatherer. He collected the revenues on merchandise, and tribute on passengers at the Sea of Galilee. What made the publicans peculiarly odious to the Jews was that they were at this time under the power of the Romans. The Romans were foreigners and heathen, and it was a great degradation that the people of God should have to acknowledge as masters those whose religion was a profanation. Their law, too, had many provisions which had special reference to the avoiding of contact with the people of other nations. The tax or tribute they were compelled to pay was a burden that galled them, and the collectors of the revenue were simply odious. It was counted unlawful to do them any office of common kindness. "Money received of them might not be put to the rest of a man's estate, it being presumed to be got by violence. They were not permitted to give evidence in any cause. They were not only deprived of all communion in Divine worship, but shunned in all affairs of civil society, it being counted infamous and unlawful to marry into the family of any such."—[*Nelson.*] Many of the publicans made themselves still more hated by their oppressions and exactions. Contracting with the Government to raise a certain sum from a certain district, they would increase their own gains by exacting more than the rulers demanded of them. Generally Romans filled this office. But for a Jew to hold such a position, was in the minds of his countrymen to add to the infamy by becoming a traitor. We can thus imagine the esteem in which Matthew the publican was held.

Our Lord had been seen and heard by Matthew no doubt, before his call to the Apostleship, and the discourses he heard had no doubt been quietly working in his mind; so that when the Saviour said 'Follow Me,' Matthew without hesitation responded to the summons. In so doing he renounced at once a lucrative calling, to share the lot of Him who had not where to lay His head. It could have been nothing but the greed of gain that brought Matthew to brave the ignominy of his countrymen, and live an outcast among them. But now he voluntarily chose the life of poverty. And after the Pentecost he labored for eight years in Judea, and afterward in Africa, fixing his abode finally in Ethiopia, where he was noted for his abstemiousness, rejecting luxuries of every description, and living on the simplest diet that would sustain life. Here he suffered martyrdom, but the manner of his death is not certain.

St. Michael and All Angels.
Sept. 29.

Nothing is more common than to speak of our souls as being "fettered in this prison-house of clay," and of the body or flesh as restraining the soul in its heavenly aspirations, crippling our endeavors for greater holiness, or being the instrument of positive sin. If, then, we were rid of this body, we should still be living persons, and unfettered by all the ills of the flesh. This is what the angels are—spirits with minds and souls like ours, but without bodies—an order of beings higher than man. Though not possessed of bodies like ours, they are capable of assuming a visible form, and have appeared to men. They minister in the courts of heaven. They

fly on messages from the throne of God to "minister unto them which shall be heirs of salvation," or to execute the wrath of God upon the disobedient; sometimes to comfort, sometimes to call to remembrance, and sometimes to announce God's purposes. They are described as vast in number and in power. There are hosts or armies of angels, that unseen to us, are executing the commands of God.

With regard to the contest between Michael the Archangel and the Devil concerning the body of Moses, commentators differ. As Michael was the archangel who presided over the Jewish nation, it is supposed by some to allude to some controversy in reference to the Jewish temple and worship; others hold that as Moses was buried on Mount Nebo, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," this was ordered especially that the Jews might not pay Divine honors to the remains of their great prophet; that the Devil attempted to lead men to find his body in order to seduce them by this means into idolatry, and Michael was sent to prevent him. There is mentioned in the Book of Revelation a contest between Michael and his angels and the Dragon and his angels. This is supposed to refer to some great victory of the Christian Church.

There is no authority for worshipping angels; on the contrary, we read that when mortals have attempted this, the angels have refused to receive the homage. Nor is there any authority for addressing prayers to angels, though we may pray God to send His angels to guard and help us. In fact, our Saviour says that the angels of children do always behold the face of the Father in heaven—implying that there are guardian angels. But there is not the shadow of a foundation for the opinion that the righteous on their death become angels. They are *as* the angels; but it is contrary to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body to hold that the just who are raised are transformed into angels. They hold the same bodies in which they walked the earth, but glorified.

There is one lesson which ought not to be missed in the instruction of today. St. Jude censures those who "despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities." And as the strongest rebuke possible for him to administer, he cites the case of Michael, who though an archangel of heaven, yet when contending with the Devil, the author of all that is wicked, "durst not bring against *him* a railing accusation, but said the Lord rebuke thee." Does anybody, from the most arrant demagogue to the most paltry penny-a-liner of a low political sheet, hesitate to denounce, abuse, and bring railing accusations against those occupying positions of highest authority in our country? Alas! may we not ask it in shame for ourselves as Christians and as Churchmen, are there not those who "speak evil of dignities" in the Church, and bring against them railing accusations—which Michael the archangel does not bring against the Devil—when our Bishops administer official rebuke?

This was the remark of a Boston merchant: "I have stood here on State street for forty years, and I have seen men accumulate fortunes by speculation, and I have seen those fortunes disappear. I have seen men go up in worldly wealth and go down, and I've always noticed that those persons who were content with slow gains and six per cent. interest, came out ahead in the long run."

The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue does he see in others.—*Scribner.*

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Gideon and His Victory.

Text to be Learned.

The Lesson—Judges vi. 11–16, vii. 19–22.

11. And there came an angel of the Lord, and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah, that pertained unto Joash the Abi-ezrite: and his son Gideon threshed wheat by the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites.

12. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.

13. And Gideon said unto him, O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why, then, is all this befallen us? and where be all His miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.

14. And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?

15. And he said unto Him, O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.

16. And the Lord said unto him, Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.

19. So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outside of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch; and they had but newly set the watch; and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands.

20. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal, and they cried, The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.

21. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp; and all the host ran, and cried, and fled.

22. And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host: and the host fled.

By a single touch, as it were, the sacred penman creates an effective picture of the condition of the children of Israel at this time. They had marched into Canaan conquerors, but when flushed with victory, Joshua had warned them of the fearful consequences of apostacy, and now they were meeting the full realization of the threat. The narrative tells of an angel that sat under an oak, on the land of Joash the Abi-ezrite; "and his son Gideon threshed wheat by the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites." We can conceive of bands of Midianites scouring the land, swooping down upon the harvest fields, or even taking from the threshing-floor the grain which had been gathered for the Winter's supply of food; so that the dispirited Israelites had even to gather and thresh their grain by stealth in some spot secluded from the highway. We have another descriptive touch in Deborah's song: "In the days of Jael the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byways. The inhabitants of the villages ceased. . . They that are delivered from the noise of the archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord." It tells of a land of desolate villages and deserted highways; and even they who must needs go to the wells for water, were in danger of being shot down by archers in ambush. In this very chapter the story of Gideon is introduced, with a graphic description of the distress of the land.

When, therefore, the angel said to Gideon "The Lord is with thee, O thou mighty man of valor," no wonder he replied "O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why, then, is all this befallen us? And where be all His miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord hath

forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." This was about 175 years after the death of Joshua; and though it appears that the traditions of the mighty wonders wrought for their fathers had been preserved, yet the corruptions of religion and the intermingling of the people of God with the idolatrous tribes and nations which began in the generation succeeding Joshua, had wrought its results of increasing degradation; so that little beyond the traditions of the past remained. Even Gideon himself, after God had made him an instrument of miraculous deliverances, actually set up idol-worship at Orpha, the very place where the angel had appeared to him.

The angel promised him the Divine succor, to deliver his countrymen from the Midianites. The modesty of true worth appears in Gideon's reply. We are reminded of the reply of Moses when receiving his commission, and of David when called from the sheepfolds.

The story of the test that this appearance of the angel was not a vision but a reality, Gideon's sacrifice, his demolition of the altar and burning of the grove of Baal, the stealthy visit by night to the army of the enemy, the interpretation of the dream which he heard—these are recorded in the remaining part of the sixth, in the seventh, and a portion of the eighth chapters.

The breaking of the earthen pitchers, and pouring upon the suddenly awakened host a flood of light, joined with the shout of Gideon's army, confused and bewildered the Midianites to such an extent that they drew their swords upon each other, and the whole host, seized with a panic, precipitately fled.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is an angel? A spirit whose dwelling-place is heaven, and who is sent on messages from God.

2. Can a spirit be seen? No. But the angels sometimes take on visible forms.

3. What was Gideon doing when the angel appeared? Threshing wheat by the wine-press.

4. Why did he choose this place for his work? To hide what he was doing from the Midianites, who watched the threshing-floor.

5. Read an account of the manner in which the Midianites oppressed the children of Israel. Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

6. What did the angel say to Gideon? Verse 12.

7. What reply did Gideon make? Verse 13.

8. What promise was made to Gideon? Thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites.

9. What words of Gideon were evidence of his meekness? Verse 15.

10. How many men were in Gideon's army? Three hundred (verse 7), divided into three companies (verse 16).

11. How many went with him into the camp of the Midianites? One hundred.

12. What had they in their hands? Verse 16.

13. What did the three companies do? Verse 20.

14. What did the Midianites do? Verses 21, 22.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

15. How did Gideon address the angel? As "My Lord."

16. What does the Bible itself call this angel? The LORD (verse 14).

17. What does this show? That the Being who spoke to Gideon was not an angel, but the Lord, in the form of an angel; the same who appeared to Joshua. Josh. v. 13, 14, 15.

18. How are we to explain the discomfiture of the Midianites? The clatter of the breaking of the pitchers,

the shout of Gideon's three hundred almost surrounding the camp, and the sudden flashing of the lamps, bewildered the soldiers, who were thus suddenly aroused from sleep, so that in the confusion they assaulted each other.

CATECHISM.

And I pray unto God that He will send us all things that are needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers both of soul and body; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our spiritual enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness; through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.

THE COLLECT.

Keep, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy; and because the frailty of man without Thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by Thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Samson's Riddle.

Text to be Learned.

HE THAT WALKETH WITH WISE MEN SHALL BE WISE; BUT A COMPANION OF FOOLS SHALL BE DESTROYED. Prov. xiii. 20.

The Lesson—Judges xiv. 12-18.

12. And Samson said unto them, I will now put forth a riddle unto you: if ye can certainly declare it me within the seven days of the feast, and find it out, then will I give you thirty sheets and thirty change of garments.

13. But if ye cannot declare it me, then shall ye give me thirty sheets and thirty change of garments. And they said unto him, Put forth thy riddle, that we may hear it.

14. And he said unto them, Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound the riddle.

15. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife, Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire: have ye called us to take that we have? is it not so.

16. And Samson's wife wept before him, and said, Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me. And he said unto her, Behold, I have not told it my father nor my mother, and shall I tell it thee?

17. And she wept before him the seven days, while their feast lasted: and it came to pass on the seventh day, that he told her, because she lay sore upon him: and she told the riddle to the children of her people.

18. And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?

Among the Hebrews the wedding feast lasted seven days. It might be continued longer, but not less than that time. One pastime common on such occasions was the giving of riddles, with a forfeit on each side. If the riddle was guessed, he who propounded it gave a forfeit; if the correct answer was not given within a certain time, then they who attempted the solution were the losers. Samson, according to the custom of his own country and of the adjoining nations, propounded this riddle to the young men present at the wedding festivities: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Unable to solve it after three days' endeavor, they most unfairly seek to obtain the answer from his wife, supposing that in the affectionate confidence of the newly-wedded, Samson would have told her everything. In reply to her entreaties, he assured her that he had not communicated the answer to his parents even; much less would he inform her. But these Philistines basely resort to remonstrances and threats, saying in effect that they were her guests, and it would be a gross breach of hospitality to invite guests and then take from them their possessions. They further threatened that unless she succeeded in extorting the answer from her husband, they would burn her and her father's house. Wrought up to the pitch of desperation, she at length succeeds, on the last day in

wringing the solution from her husband. Before the close of the appointed time, therefore, the young men appear with their answer: "What is sweeter than honey, and what is stronger than a lion?" Josephus repeats a tradition that Samson replied "And what is more perfidious than a woman?" Here again were experienced the consequence of disobedience to the law thou shalt not make marriages with the idolatrous nations. Samson disobeyed, and suffered for the treachery. That woman afterward deserted him, and became the wife of one of his companions.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by the seven days of the feast? The wedding festivities in the East continued that length of time.

2. What was the Eastern custom as to riddles? They were part of the pastimes of festivals. There was generally a forfeit to be paid

3. To what did Samson's riddle refer? To his meeting and slaying a lion, and afterward finding honey in the carcass.

4. What was the riddle? Verse 14.

5. Who was Samson's wife? "A woman in Tinmath, of the daughters of the Philistines."

6. To whom did Samson propound this riddle? To the thirty companions, young Philistines, who came to attend the wedding feast (verse 11).

7. Did these guests solve the riddle?

8. To what means did they resort to find the answer? They charged her with want of hospitality, and threatened to burn her and her father's house.

9. Moved by these threats, what did she do? Verse 16.

10. When did Samson at length yield to his wife's entreaties? On the seventh day.

11. What did she then do? "She told the riddle to the children of her people."

CATECHISM.

Question. How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in His Church?

Answer. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation—that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

Q. What meanest thou by this word *Sacrament?*

A. I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us; ordained by Christ himself as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

Q. How many parts are there in a Sacrament?

A. Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, let Thy continual pity cleanse and defend Thy Church; and because it cannot continue in safety without thy succor, preserve it evermore by Thy help and goodness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Samson's Death.

Text to be Learned.

HELL AND DESTRUCTION ARE BEFORE THE LORD. Prov. xiv. 11.

The Lesson—Judges xvi. 21-23, 25-30.

21. But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house.

22. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grown again after he was shaven.

23. Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice, for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand.

25. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars.

26. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them.

27. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

28. And Samson called upon the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray

Thee, and strengthen me, I pray Thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.

29. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

30. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

Samson, who had weakly suffered himself to be ensnared by the enemies of his country, who scrupled at no treachery to bring him within their power, was now a blind prisoner condemned to the hard labor of grinding in the mill. His wife Delilah, whom he had taken in defiance of God's commandments, had betrayed him, and according to a cruel custom not uncommon in those days, his eyes had been put out. Doubtless in his grievous captivity he found opportunity for repentance, and had made his peace with God. But now the hour of retribution approached. The Philistines would make a sacrificial feast to their god Dagon, to whom they ascribed their triumph over the Israelitish champion. The lesson which all along through the period of the Judges God seems to have held up before His own people and the surrounding nations, was that strength was not with numbers, nor in what men count power, but in the arm of the Almighty. Hence it was the feeble followers of Barak that put Sisera to flight, and a weak woman who slew him. Hence, too, Gideon's three hundred vanquished the vast army of the Midianites. So also in the evils which Samson had brought upon the Philistines, it was one man against many. And now that the Philistines had assembled to thank Dagon for Samson's humiliation, the destruction of thousands by one man, and that one a blind and worn prisoner, would be an emphatic assertion that strength and power and victory are from God alone.

In the East the places and courts of justice are frequently built with a court or enclosure, surrounded entirely or in part with some plain or cloistered buildings. Here, on occasions of public rejoicing, the lords, nobles, and authorities assembled on the house-top, and perhaps in galleries also, while in the area or court were held games or exhibitions. Samson was led out in this arena to make sport for the three thousand gathered upon the roof. After exhibiting himself as he was compelled to do, pausing to rest, he asked the lad who accompanied him to lead him to the main pillars on which the entire structure relied for support. Grasping these, with a prayer that God would remember him but this once, and avenge him of the Philistines, he bowed forward in the supernatural strength which was given him, and the house fell, burying in its ruins Samson himself and three thousand of the Philistines, destroying thus at his death more than they which he slew in his life. Commenting on the prayer of Samson, Bishop Hall has the following eloquent passage:

Once more the God of mercy looks on the repentant captive, and while scorn is added to his misery, consents that his sun shall be set in radiance. Even in the idolatrous temple, Samson, a laughing-stock to his enemies, the subject of their triumphant carousals, yet sees Him who is invisible. He sues to that God whom the heathen reproached and blasphemed, and once more solicits to be strengthened with might by the Holy Spirit. Well knowing that his insulting enemies meant to crown their orgies by consigning him to an ignominious death, he collects all the forces of his soul and body to prevent and to punish their cruelty. God hears the prayer of His departing servant. Death and victory go hand in hand. He feels not his own dissolution, while he dies

with the Philistines. By the sacrifice of a life no longer serviceable to his country, he finishes his course with joy, and commends his exulting spirit into the hands of the God of Israel. Thou, O blessed Saviour, didst thus conquer in dying, and didst triumph, when the malice of Thine inhuman enemies had nailed Thee to the cross. Sin, death, hell, had never been otherwise vanquished. All our life, our liberty, our glory, is the fruit of Thy passion. "We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood."

QUESTIONS.

1. When had the strength of Samson departed from him? When his hair was shaven.

2. Why should that cause his strength to leave him? Because he was under a vow to God that his hair should not be shaven. When, therefore, the covenant was broken, God no longer continued his great strength.

3. When did his strength return? After his hair had again grown.

4. Would that of itself cause his strength to return? No. The hair was the sign of the covenant. Samson no doubt bitterly repented in his prison, and as the outward sign grew, renewed and fulfilled, as far as possible, his vows.

5. What was Dagon, the god of the Philistines? An idol representing a being with the head, arms, and body of a man and the tail of a fish.

6. How did the Philistines conduct toward Samson? They had him led out where they could mock and jest at him, making sport of him in his weakness.

7. Where did they place Samson? Between the principal pillars or columns on which the building rested.

8. Where were the Philistines who were witnessing this cruel sport? Three thousand of them were on the roof.

9. How were the Eastern houses constructed? With flat roofs.

10. What did Samson request of the lad? Verse 26.

11. How did Samson die? Vs. 29, 30.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. What was Samson's character? Weak, and easily led to do evil.

13. How are we to account for this if he was appointed of the Lord to deliver the Philistines, and the Spirit of God moved him at times? No personal gifts and no miraculous favors excuse any from piously seeking God's help to resist temptation, and serve Him faithfully. Such favored persons have the same temptations and duties as others, and if they disobey God, will be punished as others.

14. What was a Nazarite? Read Numbers vi. 1–5.

CATECHISM.

Question. What is the outward visible sign or form in Baptism?

Answer. Water; wherein the person is baptized, *In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace?

A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

THE COLLECT.

Lord, we pray Thee that Thy grace may always prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen,

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EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Story of Ruth.

Text to be Learned.

BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER. Rom. xii. 10.

The Lesson—Ruth i. 8, 9, 16–22.

8. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

9. The Lord grant you that ye find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voices, and wept.

16. And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee;

for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

17. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

Elimelech, a man of Bethlehem Judah, whose wife was named Naomi, had two sons. A famine appearing, the whole family removed to the land of Moab. There the sons married Moabitish women, one of whom was named Orpah, and the other Ruth. Elimelech died, and after him his two sons, leaving Orpah and Ruth widows. Naomi hearing that the famine in Judah had ended, resolved to go to Beth-lehem, her former home. She bade her two daughters-in-law return to their mothers, and she would go alone. This Orpah did, "but Ruth clave unto her." She would not desert in her misfortunes the mother of her husband, but assured her that she would share her lot, whatever that might be, and confirmed her purpose by a solemn oath. The two thereupon took their journey together to Beth-lehem. As they entered the city, the destitute condition of Naomi drew forth the sympathies of all who, remembering her in former times, contrasted her present condition with that of her days of abundance. The sad exclamation was "Is this Naomi?" She who had been so bitterly dealt with by the Lord, lived to find that He had not wholly forsaken her. Ruth is more than a daughter to her, and becomes one of the line of the ancestry of our Lord.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Naomi? The widow of Elimelech of Beth-lehem Judah.

2. Where was she at the time referred to in verses 8, 9? In the land of Moab, whither she had removed with her husband and two sons.

3. What misfortune happened while there? Elimelech and the two sons died there.

4. Who were the daughters-in-law? Orpah and Ruth, widows of Naomi's two sons.

5. What did Naomi ask them to do? To return to their mothers' house.

6. Why? Because they could there be better cared for than with her. She was going to return to her former home in Beth-lehem.

7. Orpah returned to her mother. But what did Ruth do? She refused to leave her.

8. What was the meaning of the words "The Lord do so to me, and more also"? It was the form of a solemn oath.

9. Where then did the two women go? To Beth-lehem.

10. How were they received? Vs. 19.

11. What did Naomi say? Vs. 20, 21.

CATECHISM.

Review the last four lessons.

THE COLLECT.

Lord, we beseech Thee grant Thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and with pure hearts and minds to follow Thee, the only God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CURE FOR ENNUI.—Make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care, make believe to care, and very soon you will care, and care so much that you will be extremely angry with any one who interrupts your pursuits.—*Sidney Smith.*